

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3457.—VOL. CXXVII.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1905.

SIXPENCE.

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Colonel Vickers.



THEIR MAJESTIES' WEIRD SIGHT IN A SHEFFIELD FOUNDRY: THE ROLLING OF AN ARMOUR-PLATE BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN
AT THE RIVER DON WORKS OF MESSRS. VICKERS, SONS, AND MAXIM.

DRAWN BY S. BEGO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SHEFFIELD.

Under the guidance of Colonel T. E. Vickers and Mr. Douglas Vickers, their Majesties witnessed the boring of heavy-gun tubes, the rolling of an armour-plate, and the tapping of a steel-furnace. A glass partition enabled the King and Queen to witness the fiery spectacle in comfort and safety.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

It is a melancholy thing that two nations cannot embrace without annoying some other nation. If brotherly love prevailed in human affairs, such a sight would provoke general rapture; and the onlookers would fall embracing too, so as not to be out of the harmony. But the Fleets that have fraternised at Brest, and will fraternise again at Portsmouth, are viewed with sourness by some spectators. The British sailorman at Brest enjoyed himself vastly; but his pleasure, and the pleasure of his French mate, was not shared by the German sailorman, the Supersailorman, as Mr. Shaw would call him, as depicted in *Punch* by the adroit pencil of Mr. Bernard Partridge. In that picture, the Kaiser seems to have a sensation akin to toothache. If you grind your molars at a spectacle of brotherly love, in which you are not invited to join, and which you have done your best to prevent, I suppose your jaws will feel rather uncomfortable. The Kaiser appears to have sought a healing balm in a little brotherly love-making with Prince Bülow. The German Chancellor was welcomed on board the Imperial yacht with special honours. Very nice for him, but a little insipid to the Kaiser! He can see his admirable Bülow any day; but for a demonstration of affection that should impress mankind, he needed Marianne; and Marianne is completely taken up with her sailor John.

Moreover, the Kaiser had tried to capture Marianne's good graces by pinching her. "We are not to be won by menaces of war," said the President of the Paris Municipal Council to Admiral May, who knew the address of that backhander. Hans is a personable sailor; but he was not bidden to Brest. There were no cake-walks for him on the deck of the *Majestic*. He may be the salt of the sea as well as of the earth; but his company is not desired at these little festivals. Nobody yearns to fraternise with him, unless it be the dusky landsman of Tangier. I daresay he muses on his superior saltiness, and pities the Breton and British damsels who are not permitted to see it. Now the Kaiser has entertained Prince Bülow as a guest, perhaps the German naval commanders will arrange a round of visits, and inspect one another's ships. Failing Tangier, Hans may go ashore at various German ports and make himself agreeable to the inhabitants. But I wish his felicitations had a wider sphere. Will there be no pang of envy in the bosoms of German naval lieutenants when they hear of the British midshipman who adapted Byron in this style—

Breton maiden, ere we part
Give, O give me back my heart;
Or, since that is left in Brest,
Keep it now, and take the rest!

I look into that excellent paper, *l'Illustration*, and see the Breton maid, very demure and coy in the sweetest of caps, with a Union Jack in her hand, while a stalwart sailor from Admiral May's flag-ship holds the Tricolour as if it were a love-token. The little flags seem to be making all the conversation; but I daresay it is quite sufficient. I turn the pages, and lo! a picture of American marines fraternising with gendarmes in the streets of Paris. You can see they are saying, those bold marines: "We have come for the bones of Admiral Jones." The gendarmes answer in the most obliging way: "Le brave Jean Paul! You shall have him all!" So the remains of Paul Jones, Father of the American Navy, renegade Scot and pirate, as he was called in England in those old days, are transported with great ceremony to the Invalides. You see the procession, the triumphal car of the unconscious sailor, the bold marines, the respectful crowds, and, in the distance, the dome of the great tomb where sleeps the Emperor, who wished that Jean Paul had lived long enough to command the French ships at Trafalgar. England, France, and America fraternise with the bones of Admiral Jones. There are rejoicings; there is what a Paris correspondent calls "the Thompson soirée" (who is Thompson?) attended by ladies whose gowns are minutely described. If the rugged old sea-dog could have come to life, and witnessed these honours to his memory, they would have surprised him not a little.

"Do you need a holiday?" asks a poster on the hoardings, and then gives you most beguiling particulars of the spot you should seek without loss of time. They are enforced by a portrait which you may take to be your own when you need a holiday very badly. The face is lean and leaden-eyed, like Eugene Aram's; indeed, you strongly resemble that unfortunate man after the little affair in the cave. Or you may flatter yourself that you are like Sherlock Holmes, who has just heard that Dr. Watson, faithless at last, will listen to his yarns no more. With such a face, it is plain, you should be sequestered forthwith; a hut in the Alps would give you time to pull yourself together. Or

you might go to Brittany, and explain to the agitated Breton maidens that you had suffered great anguish of mind because you were absent from the fraternising at Brest. When your cheeks have filled out, and you are less suggestive of Byron's "eternal beacons of consummate crime," you might follow in the track of Mr. Morton Fullerton, whose travels in France are described in the charming volume he has sent me, entitled "*Terres Françaises*." You may wonder how he came to write French so admirably, and register a vow (we are always prodigal of vows in our holidays) to devote three hours a day for the rest of your life to that language for the sake of the *Entente Cordiale*.

Italy is hot just now; so do not rush to Verona to congratulate the municipality of that city on their public spirit in making Juliet's house a monument for all time. Venice is populous with mosquitoes this month, or you might call on the Syndic, and discuss with him one or two matters of urgent public importance. If Juliet's house is to be consecrated to her memory, what about Desdemona's palace, contiguous to, if not incorporated with, the Grand Hotel? I think you had better brave the mosquitoes, and have it out with the Syndic on the question of St. Mark's and its pavement. "Sentiment must give way to commonsense," I read in Mr. Labouchere's sprightly journal; and commonsense in this case means, he says, that St. Mark's must have a new pavement for the use of people who visit a church and not a museum. The old mosaic is very interesting to lovers of antiquities; but to worshippers, who have Mr. Labouchere's deepest sympathy, it is inconvenient, because it is uneven. A new, smooth concrete floor would be "commonsense," no doubt; but you can tell the Syndic, with my respectful compliments, that there is more of piety and reverence in the old mosaic. In Venice, at any rate, why cultivate religion on a little asphalte?

But this is not all the trouble at Venice. The Syndic cannot be indifferent to the allegation that Othello was not a Moor at all, but a Venetian of high family. This is trifling with the authority of Shakspeare. The leopard cannot change his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin, and I disbelieve in this whitening of Othello. Moreover, to make out that Desdemona chose a mere Venetian and not a gentleman from North Africa, is to reduce her independent spirit to commonplace. The Kaiser, who has a personal interest in the Moors, should see to this. I hope he will telegraph his displeasure to the Syndic. Besides, what is the use of preserving Juliet's house if you sacrifice Othello's complexion? "Haply that I am black," said he. Perhaps he exaggerated; but you will never persuade me that he was not a dark, rich brown.

A French writer, I see, is enthusiastic about the old Italian story of Romeo and Juliet by Luigi da Porto, and greatly prefers it to the story in Shakspeare. Porto's own history is deserving of sympathy. At the age of twenty-six he was disfigured for life by a sword-cut across the face. He had been a squire of dames, and they would look at him no more. "No one to love me, none to caress," he sang mournfully, and betook himself to literature. Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, and it was in the camp that he had heard from a Veronese archer the distressful legend of Juliet and her Romeo. The memory of it was in tune with his own sad state; so down he sat to write the tale. Romeo dances with Juliet at the ball, and she thanks him for warming her left hand, while her right is icy to the touch of another partner. "If I warm your hand with mine," says he, "you, with your beautiful eyes, embrace my heart." This is better than Shakspeare, you perceive; moreover, Porto makes the lovers kiss before they die, a joy which Shakspeare's "Northern cruelty" denies them.

When such attempts are made to undermine our faith, it is comforting to note that the poetry of an older world has its counterpart in the modern spirit. Mr. Andrew Lang, who has no time to read the works of Mr. Bernard Shaw, should be pleased to find the tale of "Aucassin and Nicolette" related in a daily newspaper as a bit of sensational news. A youthful nobleman in Hungary was shut up in his castle by his family because he wanted to marry a humble damsel. When Nicolette made her way to the tower where Aucassin was confined, she peeped through a chink, and saw him in tears. He was addicted to tears and mystical swoons. But the Hungarian Nicolette set about freeing her lover from his stern guardians, and married him in spite of them. I hope he will not turn to joinery for a living, like the young Englishman in Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "*Fool Errant*," who weds the Italian peasant girl, and gives up his estate to become an artisan. This is a violation of sound tradition, and distressing to all romantic persons. The Hungarian nobleman, I trust, will raise the beggar maid to his family dignities. Should he become a joiner, a telegram from the Kaiser, let us hope, will awaken him to the enormities of his position.

FRENCH FAITH IN RUSSIA.

BY PARISIAN.

In the history of the nations there is perhaps no instance of faith in an ally equal to that shown by France towards Russia. The optimism which refused to believe in the imminence of war has been continued almost down to the present time, and has been expressed in hard cash to the tune of milliards of francs. The indebtedness of Russia to France is, according to careful calculation, something like £400,000,000. This enormous sum includes investments in industrial as well as Government securities. It is true that at this moment a certain uneasiness exists as to Russia's ability to shoulder this enormous debt, but it would be easy to exaggerate this feeling, confined for the most part to the enlightened classes. What makes at once the strength and weakness of the position is that Russian scrip is held very largely by the thrifty peasantry of France. These people are indifferent to newspaper argument, even supposing that the Press attacked the credit of the ally, which is not the case, and take their opinions on finance from their bankers, interested professionally, as well as politically, no doubt, in Russia. Any tendency to sell is checked by the bank agents, and it not infrequently happens that the peasant who came to curse remains to bless—and to buy more Russian paper. The immense holding of France is eloquent of its liquid wealth, and also of that less favourable fact that the man who has saved money does not invest it in his own or his neighbour's business, but, in a more timorous spirit, seeks to find a safe return in foreign bonds. Though the Muscovite Empire may fail to get any further financial support from France during the continuance of the war, no serious fear is felt that the bondholders will not be paid. Russian credit abroad has always been good. During the Crimean War she paid her coupons, even in England. It is argued, from the case of Spain, that Russia will speedily recover after peace is declared. At the close of the war with the United States, Spanish Exterior bonds of one hundred pesetas' denomination were worth only sixty pesetas. But the stock stands high to-day. The skilful dispositions of the French Minister of Finance have prevented any serious fall on the Russian market of the Paris Bourse, with the result that panic has been utterly avoided. There is certainly some realisation going on; but it is rather in the nature of a speculation, and in the hope of coming in later on when the outlook is more favourable. The French are naturally too chivalrous to abandon their ally in the hour of her distress, and there is also the feeling, no doubt, that fidelity will reap its reward when the allocation of contracts for Russia's new fleet takes place.

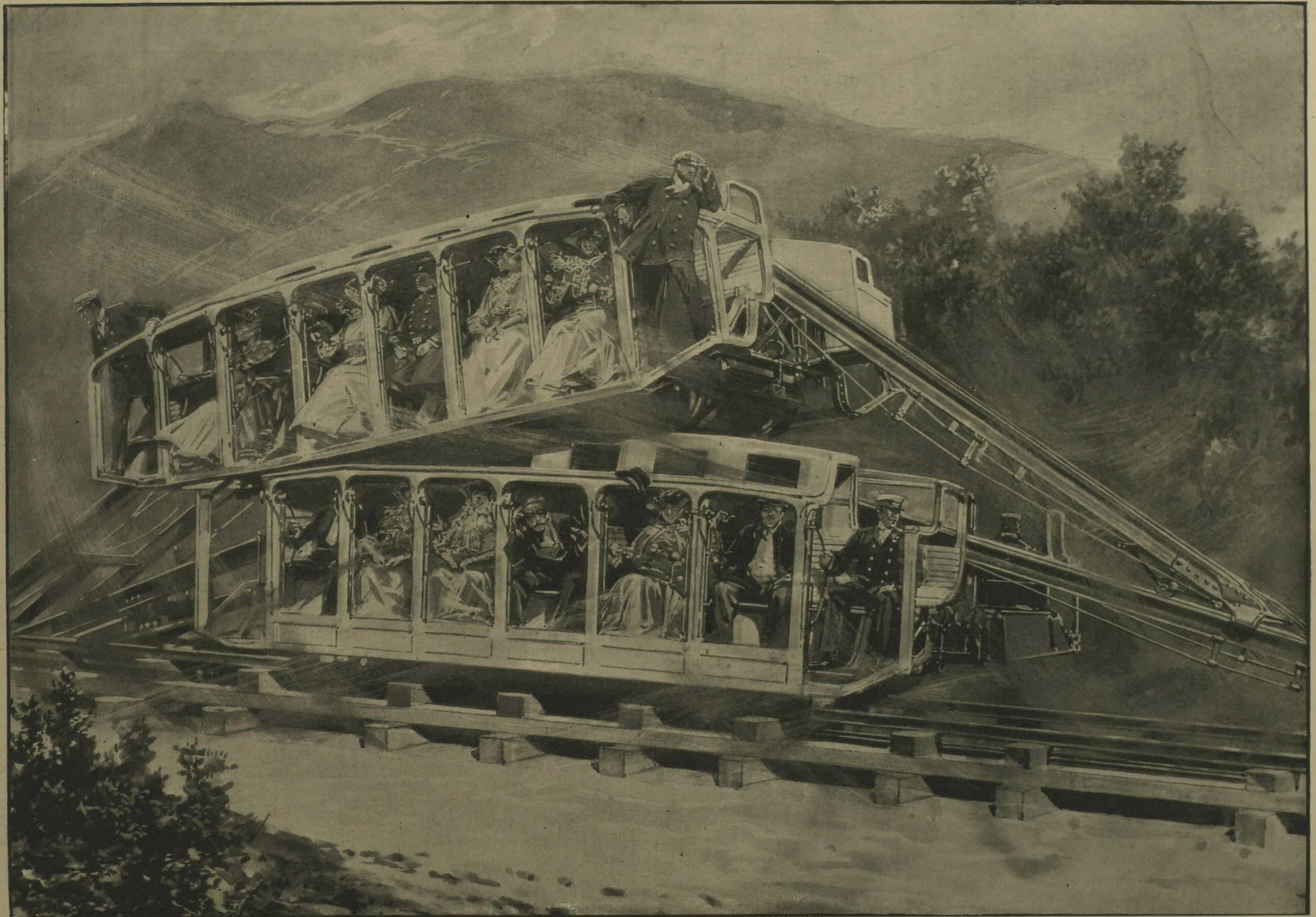
Belief in Muscovite resources almost amounts to a religion. Siberia is a species of El Dorado to the French investor, and the Ural Mountains are supposed to be gorged with gold. Furthermore, the prepared statements appearing from time to time in the Paris newspapers as to the Russian Treasury overflowing with bullion, are as a dream of unlimited wealth, attractive to the public if unconvincing to the financier. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the underwriters have been well paid in the past to put loans on the market, and it has been to their interest to create an atmosphere of confidence in the unlimited stability of Russian affairs. Obviously, this blind faith has been fostered by the utter absence of proper official information as to the resources of Russia. Where ignorance means profit, it is folly to instruct your clients. Russia publishes no Budget in the sense that the other European nations do, and consequently the widest margin is left for evaluation. It varies so much that the calculations of equally responsible persons will sometimes show a difference of fifty per cent. One curious feature of Russian book-keeping is that loans are sometimes known to figure as revenue. One can only proceed, indeed, by the deductive theory to form any idea of the wealth of Russia. We take the published figures of the bank reserve, the amount of the loans, and the probable expenditure on the war. That gives a working basis for calculating the money upon which Russia can probably put her hands at any given moment. It is certain that the Bank of Russia is required by her position to keep a large gold reserve. That reserve is the necessary backing to her note issue, and is also required by her large foreign debts. On March 1 last the gold reserve in the bank vaults was about £95,000,000, and the silver deposit about six-and-a-half millions sterling. Now, it must be remarked that the note circulation is also ninety-five millions sterling, so that the gold but balances the paper. A year ago Russia's note circulation was only sixty-four millions sterling; her reserve is higher by about fifteen millions, but the increase in notes has left her relatively in a worse position from the point of view of an instant ability to meet liabilities.

Too much insistence must not be laid on mere bank reserve. Let us look at revenue-raising possibilities. A Commission now sitting at St. Petersburg is considering the question of fiscal adjustment. It

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The Flying Fishes. Illus. of the Chase. The Hunted. Mounted Cabinets.
Dramatic Sketches. Tillikum Canoe.

THE LEAP-FROG RAILWAY: THE LATEST SENSATIONAL AMUSEMENT.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOPKOEK, BY COURTESY OF THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."



COLLISION AVERTED: THE MOST EXCITING MOMENT WHEN ONE CAR, MEETING ANOTHER AT FULL SPEED, LEAPS RIGHT OVER IT.

The leap-frog railway consists of a track about five hundred feet long. Two cars rush towards each other from opposite ends, and by means of a series of guides leading up to a set of rails which passes over the roof of each car, the one vehicle is induced to override the other. As the cars approach, it seems to the passengers that they are on the verge of a terrible collision, but at the critical moment one of the oncoming vehicles flies over the roof of the other, descending safely to the rails on the other side. The contrivance is the latest thing in locomotive sensations.

THE BRITISH TAR ENJOYING THE FRENCH ROUNDABOUT: AN INCIDENT OF THE FESTIVITIES AT BREST.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS AT BREST.



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A VARIATION OF THE HORSE-MARINES: THE CURIOUS CHARGERS THAT AMUSED OUR SEAMEN AT BREST.

Brest, during the recent visit of the British fleet, was like a huge fair, and the inevitable accompaniment of such festivals, the steam roundabout, found great favour in the eyes of our able seaman. He could be seen riding on the wooden horses and pigs with the greatest enjoyment, and with a safer seat than he can achieve on a living charger. Another popular amusement was to buy small red balloons which were carried captive by a string

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING IN
SHEFFIELD.

Sheffield gave their Majesties a right royal welcome last week. The King and Queen arrived at the centre of the cutlery industry on July 12, and were received by the Yorkshire people with every testimony of enthusiasm. The Lord Mayor, Alderman Sir Joseph Jonas, welcomed their Majesties at the railway-station, and the King and Queen were then escorted in procession to the Town Hall through streets splendidly decorated for the occasion and crowded with enthusiastic citizens. At the centre of the municipality the Lord Mayor presented the civic address and was followed by representatives of all the most important public bodies. Historically, the most interesting of these is the Town Trust, which was represented on the occasion by Mr. W. H. Brittain, who had the honour of handing the Trustees' address to his Majesty. After the presentations at the Town Hall came the chief ceremony of the day—the opening of the new University building in Weston Park. The procession to the scene of the inauguration lay for some distance through a large working-class area, where the people gave their Sovereign a warm welcome. At the University, their Majesties were received by the Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, the other high officials, and the Professoriate, and, after prayer by the Archbishop of York, the Chancellor read an address outlining the history of the institution, and telling how the work of the University had been greatly furthered by the munificence of Mr. William Edgar Allen, a citizen of Sheffield, who had that day given £10,000 to the Library Fund. His Majesty then received a key as a memento of the occasion from Mr. Stephenson, Chairman of the Building Committee, and thereafter the King declared the building open, and expressed his fervent hope and desire for the long-continued prosperity of the University of Sheffield. The next ceremony was the presentation of colours to the 2nd Battalion of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, and then their Majesties went on to the great steel-works of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, where they witnessed what is really the terrible spectacle of rolling an armour-plate and the tapping of a steel furnace. For their Majesties' comfort and safety the end of the shop was screened off by a glass partition. The extraordinary scene is best explained by our illustration. This concluded the day's work at Sheffield. The King and Queen proceeded for the night to Knowsley Hall, where they were the guests of Lord Derby.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. L. MORTON BROWN,
NEW STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE OF
BIRMINGHAM.

No less hearty was the greeting accorded to the King and Queen on their arrival on July 13 in Manchester. Their Majesties travelled from Knowsley by the London and North-Western Railway, and reached the City of Cotton at 12.30, where they were received by the Lord Mayor and the other civic officials. Through gaily decorated streets the King and Queen drove to the Town Hall, where the usual addresses were presented by the Corporation and the leading public bodies. Before leaving the Town Hall, his Majesty summoned the Lord Mayor to advance, and having bidden the Chief Magistrate kneel, the King requested Lord Stanley to lend him a sword, and bestowed the honour of knighthood after the customary manner. Thereupon the first citizen rose Sir Thomas Thornhill Shann. At the Town Hall had been gathered a group of Crimean veterans, and with ten of these old warriors his Majesty shook hands. The King and Queen then set out on their five-mile drive to the new dock of the Ship Canal, which has been constructed on the site of the old race-course. Some vestiges of the old dedication of the place to sport still remained, and the former grandstand was crowded with spectators. In a royal

THE KING IN
MANCHESTER.

electric lever which cut the boom closing the entrance to the dock. Immediately two steamers entered, and steamed up the basin, the passengers on board the vessel giving their Majesties an ovation. The last event of a crowded day was the unveiling of the war memorial at Salford in memory of Salford men who fell in the South African Campaign. Before leaving



Photo. Topical Press.
M. SERGE YULIEVICH WITTE,
FIRST RUSSIAN PLENIPOTENTIARY FOR
THE PEACE CONFERENCE.



Photo. Hejck.
THE LATE COUNT SCHUVALOFF,
FORMER PREFECT OF MOSCOW
(ASSASSINATED).



Photo. Van der Weyde.
THE LATE COL. C. H. LUARD, R.E.,
FORMERLY CONSULTING ENGINEER TO THE
GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.



Photo. Taylor.
MR. WILLIAM DAY,
SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE WATTSTOWN
COLLIERY DISASTER.

1897, and retired only last year. During the South African War General Trotter carried out with conspicuous success the arrangements for the transport of the troops, and he was as well known at Waterloo and Nine Elms as the regular railway officials. Very often the men on the eve of departure for the front exclaimed, "We wish we had you with us, Sir!" No wish could have been closer to the General's heart, but his duty kept him at home. In his own way, however, he was an efficient force behind a fighting force.

The appointment of M. Witte to act as his country's Plenipotentiary at the forthcoming Peace Conference in the United States, in place of M. Muravieff, resigned, augurs well for Russia's genuine interest in the proposed cessation of hostilities, for he it is who has most

constantly urged the Tsar to hold out the hand of friendship. M. Witte has, however, stated in an interview that his personal views are of secondary importance, but his ideas are in entire accord with Count Lamsdorff's. Little known in this country until he was appointed Minister of Finance in the early part of 1893, Serge Yulievich Witte is one of the strongest—some would have it the strongest—men in Russia, a man strenuous enough to please his future host, President Roosevelt. His father, who was of German descent, was Director of State Domains in the Caucasus, and

there M. Witte was born in 1849. Educated at Tiflis and at the University of Odessa, he became first a journalist, and then manager of the Odessa Railway. During the Russo-Turkish War the efficient manner in which he dealt with the dispatch of troops and supplies for the front earned him commendation in official quarters. M. Vishnegradski's acceptance of the post of Minister of Finance made it certain that M. Witte, whose merits had not been without due effect on his chief, would advance to high office, and he became, in turn, Director of

Railways, Minister of Ways and Communications, and Minister of Finance.

Sir T. Thornhill Shann, who was knighted by the King during his Majesty's visit to Cottonopolis, has been actively interested in the public life of Manchester for a good many years, and has been a member of the School Board, chairman of the Sites and Buildings Committee, and chairman of the Licensing Bench. He entered the City Council in 1897, and was elected Lord Mayor on Nov. 9, 1903. At Heaton Norris, where his home is, he has done considerable work in connection with local administration. The various institutions for the poor children of the city owe much to him.

Sheffield's Lord Mayor, Alderman Sir Joseph Jonas, who has received the honour of knighthood in connection with the opening of the new University of Sheffield by the King, was born at Bingen—on—the Rhine in 1845, the son of Mr. Joseph Jonas, first came to Steelopolis some forty years ago, and has steadily climbed the ladder of commercial success. His first enterprise was a small steel-manufacturer's business, in which he was afterwards joined by Mr. Robert Colver, and out of this sprang the present firm, Jonas and Colver, Ltd. Sir Joseph has been German Consul at Sheffield for some years, entered the City Council fifteen years ago, is a member of the Sheffield Chamber of Commerce, a Liberal, and an ex-President of the Sheffield Reform Club. He has travelled throughout Europe, the United States, Canada, Turkey, and Asia.

Alderman Sir William Stephens, the Mayor of Salford, upon whom his Majesty has conferred the honour of knighthood in connection with the recent royal visit, has been in the Town Council since 1897. He became Alderman in 1901, and has been Mayor since 1903. Sir William is interested in all the progressive work of the town, has been largely instrumental in the extension of the tramways, and is a great advocate of social reform.

General Count Paul Schuvaloff, the Prefect of Moscow, who was assassinated on July 11, was the son of the Ambassador who made his name well known in this country during the diplomatic proceedings which followed the last Russo-Turkish War and preceded the Berlin Conference, and was born forty-seven years ago. As Governor of Odessa he was at first inclined to be easy-going, but it was destined that he should change. By the end of a year many in Odessa had grievances against him, and these did not lessen. As Prefect of Moscow, which he became when General Trepoff was sent to suppress the results of "Vladimir's Day," he was harder still, and there are few who wonder at his sudden death. Personally, he was a man of dignified manner and of luxurious tastes, much trusted and beloved by the Tsar.

Mr. Frederick William Chance, the new member for Carlisle, was born in 1852, and is the eldest son of the



Photo. Lafayette, Manchester.
SIR T. THORNHILL SHANN,
LORD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER.



Photo. Guttenberg.
ALDERMAN SIR WILLIAM STEPHENS,
MAYOR OF SALFORD.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
ALDERMAN SIR JOSEPH JONAS,
LORD MAYOR OF SHEFFIELD.

THREE KNIGHTHOODS IN CONNECTION WITH THE NORTHERN ROYAL VISITS.



Photo. Vandyk.
THE LATE GENERAL SIR H. TROTTER,
FORMERLY COMMANDING THE HOME DISTRICT.

Manchester, the King telegraphed to the Mayor of Sheffield, Alderman Jonas, announcing that he also was to be honoured with a knighthood.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Major-General Sir Henry Trotter, of the Grenadier Guards, who died on July 16, was not destined to see active service, much to his own regret; but he was a keen soldier, nevertheless, and a familiar figure to many Londoners. Born in 1844, and educated at Harrow, he entered the Grenadier Guards, as Ensign and Lieutenant, in 1862. He was appointed Commanding Officer of the Home District in



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. F. W. CHANCE,
NEW MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT
FOR CARLISLE.

late Mr. Edward Chance, of Great Malvern, and nephew of Mr. Robert Ferguson, who sat for the constituency for twelve years. He is concerned, with his uncle, in the management of Ferguson Brothers, cotton manufacturers, of Holme Head. He has been a member of the Cumberland County Council since its foundation, a member of the Town Council since 1896, and was Mayor last year.

Colonel Charles Henry Luard, who died on the 10th of the month in his sixty-ninth year, passed out of the Military College at Addiscombe as first cadet of his year, with the gold (Pollock) medal and the sword of honour. He entered the Royal Engineers in 1855. Two years after obtaining his commission, he went to India, where, some years later, he joined the Railway Branch of the Public Works Department, acting at one time as Under-Secretary and finally as Consulting Engineer to the Government of India. In the list of his special duties was an expedition from Burma towards China. He was also, at various times, Master of the Calcutta Mint, Commissioner to report on railway construction in Germany to the Home Government, British delegate to the railway congresses at Berlin and Milan, and engineering inspector to the Local Government Board. At the time of his death he was a director of the Southern Mahratta Railway.

Mr. Laurence Morton Brown, new Stipendiary Magistrate at Birmingham, was educated at Cheltenham College, and at St. John's College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar in 1877. On beginning practice he became a member of the Oxford Circuit. He was appointed Recorder of Tewkesbury in 1885, and Recorder of Gloucester in 1900.

France herself in hospitality to the British sailors at Brest. Last week we illustrated the commencement of the splendid series of festivities, which has set a seal upon the friendship between England and France, so auspiciously brought about by King Edward's memorable visit to Paris, when his Majesty, by political wisdom joined with personal charm, cleared away all the bitterness and misunderstanding which prevailed during the Boer War, and laid the foundations of an international cordiality which bids fair to be enduring. Balls and fêtes, luncheons, receptions, and the interchange of less formal courtesies followed each other in bewildering succession during the visit of the British fleet to French waters. By a pleasant arrangement, each English ship was associated with a French companion, and the men of the entertaining vessels took those of the entertained under their especial care. When the British seamen went ashore, it was to walk the street arm-in-arm with their gallant French comrades; and diversity of language proved no barrier to genial camaraderie. The Breton girls, too, discovered what a chivalrous being the British tar can be, and one of the most amusing incidents was to see Jack accompanying Jeannette in the wild excitement of the roundabout. As was to be expected, the behaviour of our sailors has been that of English gentlemen, and our man-of-war-men have left the most favourable impression upon their hosts. The system of associated ships has been commemorated by an interchange of presents, and these souvenirs, which are very handsome, will be treasured by French and English officers' messes as long as the ships taking part in the festivities remain in commission. During the last days of the visit, Admiral May and a party of his officers proceeded to Paris, where they enjoyed the princely hospitality of the Republic. The occasion was further marked by the bestowal of decorations. Vice-Admiral May was appointed Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, Rear-Admiral Bridge-man was made a Commander of the Order, Officerships of the Legion were bestowed on all the commanders of vessels of the British Squadron, and Vice-Admiral May's secretary was made a Chevalier of the Order. We illustrate this week the most picturesque moment of the visit, the illumination of the fleet and the elaborate display of fireworks which took place on the night of July 14. On the afternoon of the 17th the eight British battle-ships took farewell of France. Forming in line ahead, with signals of goodwill and good wishes, and amid salutes from sea and shore, the vessels rounded Portzic Head, and a great and significant passage in our naval annals was brought to a conclusion.

THE NORWEGIAN THRONE.

House of Bernadotte to the Norwegian throne, it would appear from an interview which Dr. Hugo Ganz, the distinguished German publicist, has had with King Oscar, that the answer must be in the negative. The King said he could not well consent to such a scheme, after the wrong that had been done to him by Norway, but if the Riksdag demanded that one of his sons should accept the crown, he would have no choice but to comply. He characterised the proposal to elect a Swedish King as the easiest move on the part of Norway to tide over the crisis, but he held that such a measure would only breed distrust. Denmark is meanwhile greatly interested in the possible candidature of Prince Charles; and although Norway said at first that her crown must not go a-begging, the Norwegian papers have lately become alive to the difficulties that might arise between a Republic and the two neighbouring

him as if he had been dismissed from his post for some fault." Some M.P.s have such a rage for economy that they generally contrive to direct it to the wrong object.

M. DELCASSÉ'S RETORT.

M. Delcassé has spoken his mind with much plainness in an interview. He said that he advised his colleagues in the Cabinet to treat the German pretensions in Morocco as bluff. They said, "This means war," and he said, "Not at all; but even if it did, we are ready." But they were too timid to take the bold course, and now France is going into a Conference, which M. Delcassé denounces as a grave error. He believes that the Agreement between France and England would have checked the German policy of aggression. The Kaiser would never have run the risk of having to fight England and France together. However, M. Rouvier has adhered to quite enough of M. Delcassé's policy to make Germans wonder what they have gained by all the pother. If the Conference is merely going to register the admission of Germany that France has special rights in Morocco, it will simply say ditto to the Anglo-French Convention.

THE MAGYAR LANGUAGE.

It seems that the struggle between the popular party in Hungary and the Imperial Government turns upon the demand for the employment of Magyar words of command in the army. Hungarian regiments object to be commanded in German. There would be no difficulty, perhaps, in settling this point if it were not certain that a concession to the Hungarians would be followed by demands from Poles and Czechs and the rest of the nationalities which make up a composite Empire. The plea of the Government is that concessions all round would reduce the army to chaos. But the Hungarians are none the less resolved to have their way; and meanwhile the Constitution is suspended, and in some places the King of Hungary is refused his taxes. As the trouble which springs from the diversity of nationalities is inherent in the Austrian Empire, it may be better, to agree to all the corresponding anomalies, whatever inconvenience they may cause in military organisation.

THE WELSH COLLIERIES DISASTER.

An appalling accident, the worst that has happened in any Welsh mine for the last eleven years, took place on July 11 at the No. 2 pit of the United National Collieries Company at Wattstown, Rhondda Valley. One hundred and twenty-one men, including the manager, Mr. Meredith, were in the workings at the time of the explosion, which was of the kind known as fire-damp. A loud report was heard about 11.40 a.m.; after the day-shift had been for some time on duty. Fragments of machinery were blown from the mouth of the pit, and volumes of suffocating smoke rolled up, intimating the occurrence of a serious catastrophe. The relatives of the colliers rushed to the pithead in the wildest apprehension, and with regard to No. 1 pit concern was quickly allayed, for every man of the 800 working there was shortly brought to the surface alive and well. The gravest

fears, however, were entertained for the workmen in No. 2 pit. Rescue parties were speedily organised and medical and ambulance aid was brought to the pithead with the least possible delay. The rescuers descended, but were again and again driven back by foul fumes, and then followed a long period of suspense, very terrible to the relatives of those whose fate was still unknown. Gradually the workings cleared, and some idea of the seriousness of the catastrophe was gained. One of the first bodies to be brought to the surface was that of Mr. William Meredith, the mine manager, and some time after the remains of eight other victims were recovered. One rescue party attempted to reach the galleries of No. 2 from the workings of No. 1, and after a time they gained access to the danger area. At length three men were brought up alive, but of these only one survives. Finally all further hope of rescue had to be abandoned, and when the magnitude of the calamity was realised the scenes were heartrending. The Lord Mayor has opened a Mansion House Fund for the relief of the sufferers.





ROUMANIAN OFFICERS CONFERRING WITH MUTINEERS ON BOARD THE "POTEMKIN."



THE ROUMANIAN OFFICER WHO GUIDED THE NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE MUTINEERS ON BEHALF OF HIS COUNTRY: COLONEL KOSLINSKI.

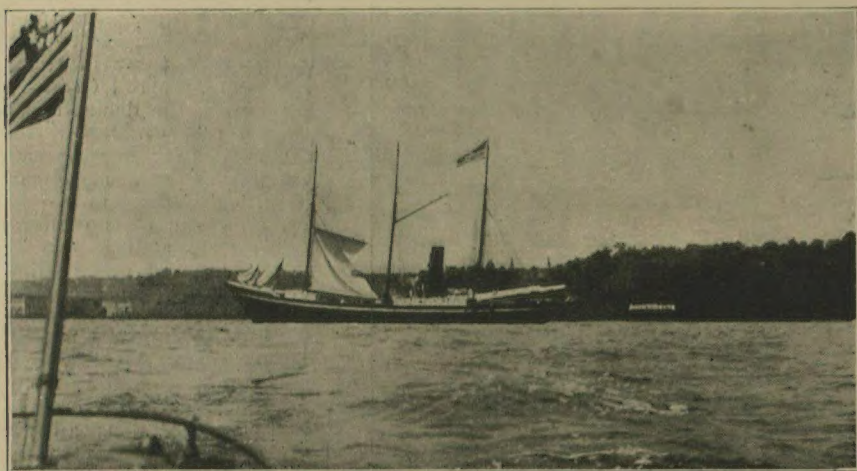


TYPES OF THE TSAR'S REBELLIOUS SAILORS: MUTINEERS ON BOARD THE "POTEMKIN."

THE METEORIC CAREER OF THE "KNIAZ POTEMKIN": THE MUTINOUS VESSEL'S SURRENDER AT A ROUMANIAN PORT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

It will be remembered that the "Kniaz Potemkin," after making havoc of Odessa, was taken by the mutineers to Kustendji, in Roumania, where she was surrendered to the authorities of that country. Before leaving her, the mutineers flooded the ship by opening the sea-cocks, but she was easily refloated.



Photo, Brown Brothers, New York.

THE LATEST DASH FOR THE POLE: THE LONG-DELAYED START OF THE "ROOSEVELT," COMMANDER PEARY'S SHIP.

After many delays, Commander Peary found the necessary funds for his expedition, and sailed on July 16. He takes with him his wife and daughter, who will remain at the base on Grant Land while the explorer pushes across the ice with sledges in the hope of reaching the Pole. His base will be 100 miles nearer the Pole than any previous explorer's.



THE LADIES' POLO MATCH AT RANELAGH: RAINBOWS v. WHITES—A GOAL TO WHITES.

In presence of her Majesty, a ladies' polo match of three players a-side, designated the Whites and the Rainbows, was decided on the third ground at Ranelagh on July 15. At the end of thirty minutes, Whites beat their opponents by eight goals to love. The prizes were afterwards presented to the winning team by Princess Christian.



THE KING AS A PRACTICAL FORESTER: HIS MAJESTY PLANTING A GOLDEN ELM ON THE LAWN OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA COURT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS.

After the opening of Wimbledon's "Hampton Court," the new residences for the widows and daughters of officers which the Queen has inaugurated at Wimbledon, her Majesty planted a purple beech on the lawn, and the King planted a golden elm in the same line with the tree planted by his Consort. His Majesty always seems to enjoy these ceremonies, and his handling of the spade is said to be most workmanlike.

WATERS, "THE LOAFER."

By LOUIS BECKE.

Illustrated by A. H. BUCKLAND.

WE were lying in Apia Harbour, ready for sea, bound on a labour-recruiting cruise to New Britain and New Ireland. It was just after dawn when the skipper and I, who were sleeping on deck, were awakened by hearing a canoe come alongside, and a strange voice hailing the anchor watch.

"I want to see the captain at once." Then the stranger came aboard and walked aft.

"Well," said the captain, "who are you, and what do you want?"

"I'm—oh, my name is Brown—or Smith, if you like—and I want a berth as steward."

"Do you! Well, I have a steward—as you'll find out in a few minutes when he comes on board and kicks you over the side." (Our steward, Simpson, had been given a night's liberty on shore, and had promised to be back at six o'clock.)

"He won't, captain.

In fact, he can't, poor chap. He's dead. Had a mill with a big Dutchman at Charley the Russian's over a game of cards about an hour ago, and the Dutchman hit him over the heart. He dropped like a stone, and died in half a minute. Too fat, you know."

"And you want to step into his shoes before the poor devil is cold!"

"Will that hurt him, now that he is dead? You'll want a steward, and I am as good a man as you can get in this place. There will be half-a-dozen mongrel Dagos here before breakfast, wanting the berth, and as I am the early bird, I have the first right to the worm."

Packenham stroked his beard, and eyed our visitor steadily.

"Got good discharges?" he inquired.

"No, no discharges of any kind. But I can do the work."

"What have you been doing here in Apia?"

"Nothing, stony-broke, and loafing on the beach. Have a black mark against me—if you want to know the truth, my name is Waters—Jack Waters. I was second mate and recruiter of the *Princess*, and had to skip out of Fiji. I was sure that, when the case came on, I should get five years at least. And yet I only acted as I ought to have done, and saved the ship."

In an instant our interest—and sympathies as well—were aroused. The *Princess* case was then being much talked about. Briefly, it was this. The vessel, like ours, was in the Kanaka labour trade, and when at Bougainville Island, in the Solomon Group, a determined attempt to cut her off was made by the natives. The captain and two of the crew were clubbed to death, and the rest would have shared their fate but for Waters and a seaman, who, taking their Winchester carbines, sprang up the rigging into the fore-top, and from there shot down at the savages on deck, killing eleven and wounding several others. The rest sprang overboard and swam ashore, and Waters, unfortunately, killed two more as they were escaping. This, in the opinion of the commander of a gun-boat then cruising in the Solomons, was "cruel and unnecessary slaughter." The *Princess* was seized and sent to Fiji with a prize crew, and a few days later Waters, by bribing his native jailers, made his escape.

The captain pondered a moment or two. Samoa was then out of the jurisdiction of the High Commissioner

for the Western Pacific, so Waters was safe from arrest for the present. But he would not be so once we left Samoa; and there was every likelihood of our meeting a British man-of-war somewhere about New Britain or New Ireland.

"Look here, Waters. I'll do what I can for you, and will ship you as cook and steward; but you know that we are going to the North-West, and—"

Waters nodded. "I know; but I'll take my chance. Will you give me the berth?"

"Yes. Now you can go for'ard and dig into the galley. Then after breakfast you can come ashore with me to the Consul's and sign on. Anyone here know who you are?"

"No one."

"So much the better. The Consul is an old woman,

Packenham laughed. "You were dead sure on getting poor Simpson's berth, Waters. Now come below and have a gin-and-bitters. This is Mr. Denison, my Recruiter," and he indicated me.

"Glad to meet you, Sir," said the man quietly, as he and I shook hands.

And from that time out till we saw the last of him, he was "Brown the Steward," and always "Sir-ed" the captain and me when anyone was present. At night, however, the captain, the two mates, and myself would talk freely together with "Jack Waters," one of the best sailor-men that ever trod deck. In my ever-vivid memory of him the man is before me now as we first saw him—the square-set, bronzed face, unshaven chin, and long, ragged moustache; keen, deep-set, heavy-browed eyes of steely, challenging grey. His every feature was in consonance with his build—somewhat short in stature, broad chest, small feet, and equally small and shapely hands, that somehow seemed quite disproportionate to his other limbs. But they were hands that he could use effectively, as we soon discovered.

Our boatswain took a jealous dislike to "Brown," and, two days after we had left Apia, said something derogatory to him about his cooking.

Brown came aft to the skipper.

"I'm very sorry, Sir, but I've hurt the bos'un. I think it is one of his ribs."

With the lusty south-east trade, we made a quick run from Samoa till we were abreast of Ysabel Island in the Solomon Group; then we ran into dirty weather from the westward, and the second mate—a half-caste Maori—had his leg badly fractured in trying to secure some of the spare spars we carried on the main deck, and which had got adrift one wild night when the little brig was rolling her soul out in a thumping cross sea, in which two of our boats were damaged. "Brown" (who was tenderly nursing the bos'un with his broken rib) made splints and set the limb in a thoroughly surgeon-like manner, and then offered to take the injured man's watch.

"No," said the captain, "you stick to your patients—but you can lend me a hand to put in a couple of planks in the second covering-boat. That is, if you like."

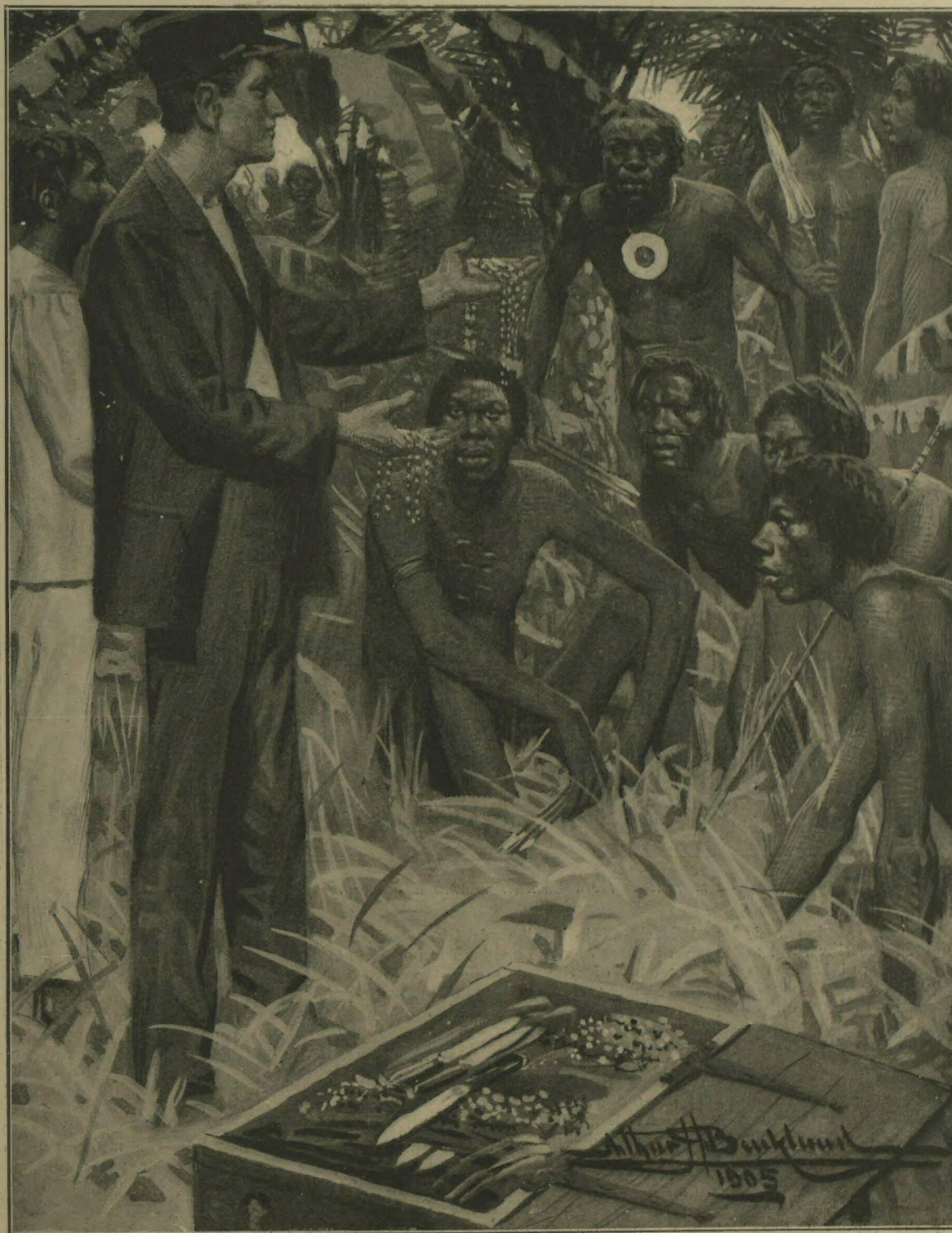
"Certainly, Sir," replied "Brown," the well-mannered Steward.

I took the second mate's watch, and Waters and the captain worked at the boats. Waters was a man who could "turn his hand" to anything, and everything he did was done in a quiet, self-possessed manner. With

our native crew he was a great favourite, and we soon found that he was a splendid Malayo-Polynesian linguist. I felt sure that he had been in the Navy; and one day asked him if it were so.

"Yes, but I left it twenty years ago," he said shortly, and I saw it was a subject not to be further alluded to.

Our vessel, I must mention, was a brig of two hundred and fifty tons, a very fast sailer, but a terribly wet ship when under a press of canvas. Like most small vessels in those early days of the labour trade, we carried four small guns, which were always kept in good order, though we had never had occasion to use them to keep



I got out with my trade-box.

who would have you arrested by the municipal police on his own authority and send you back to Fiji if he knew who you were. He'd crawl a mile on his stomach to please the High Commissioner."

Then Waters the ex-Recruiter became "Brown the Steward." Without any pretence of sham subservience, he raised his hand to his wide-brimmed Panama hat.

"Thank you, Sir. What will you have for breakfast?"

"Anything you like to give us. Where is your gear?"

"Alongside in the canoe."

off a sudden rush of canoes, relying upon the numbers and steadiness of our crew to foil any attempt at cutting off. A vessel with a low freeboard like ours was a great temptation to mischievous savages—they could so easily jump out of their canoes over the rail, but the sight of the guns was always enough for them. Our complement consisted of captain, two mates, myself (recruiter), boat-swain, four white A.B.'s, and fourteen reliable native seamen—Rarotongans, Savage Islanders, Samoans, and two Fijians. The last-named, although not such good men at boat-work as the others, were fine, plucky fellows, and belonged to my boat, for they both spoke the New Britain and New Ireland languages, and were invaluable as interpreters when opening up communications with the treacherous savages with whom we had to deal. Our Maori half-caste second mate was also a fairly good Micronesian linguist, and always came with me in my landing-boat. I could speak but very little of the New Britain dialect, for I was almost new to the North-West Pacific labour-trade, although I had had long experience of it in the Line Islands, where the language is Malayo-Polynesian. Our arms were Snyder carbines for the native crew and Winchester carbines and revolvers for the officers, white seamen, and myself. So far, we had been very lucky in not losing a man in three voyages, although the boats had been fired upon often enough in the Solomon and New Hebrides groups.

Early one morning we ran into Montague Bay, on the south coast of New Britain. No labour-vessel had ever before been there, and we were in hopes of getting our first recruits from a big native town there. I had heard of the place from the captain of an American whale-ship, who said that the natives, though they swarmed around his ship in their canoes, did not attempt to come on board, and supplied him with all the fresh provisions he wanted.

We anchored in ten fathoms, abreast of a big village, and in less than half an hour six or seven canoes, filled with natives, came off, but would not come alongside—they had caught sight of the guns on the main deck. My two Fiji men began to talk to them, but their dialect was so different from that of the natives on the north coast of the island that they could not be very well understood. However, presently one of the Fiji men jumped overboard, unarmed, swam to a canoe, and, clinging on to the gunwale, held a conversation with the occupants. Then he called out to me to cover up the four guns, as the strangers knew what they were, and were afraid of them.

We quickly covered up the four six-pounders, and closed the ports, and in a few minutes the canoes came alongside, and several of the natives, all carrying spears and long, stone-headed clubs, timorously came on deck. They were the wildest-looking savages we had ever seen—as naked as when they were born. Their skins were the colour of freshly chipped logwood, and their hair was done up in innumerable tiny ringlets smothered in grease, and dyed a dirty red by means of lime. Their lips were simply hideous slashes of scarlet, covering teeth as black as jet—the result of continually chewing betel-nut. Altogether, they were the most unpromising-looking "blackbirds" that ever put foot on a ship's deck.

In the course of an hour or so we became quite friendly, and I had every hope of getting a batch of "recruits" during the day, so I told our visitors to go on shore and tell their friends that I was coming to see them. Off they went, and then we lowered and manned two boats—my own and the covering-boat.

A "covering" boat, I may mention, is sent as a protection to the first, in which the recruiter goes. With dangerous natives—and in those days all the North-Western Islands were dangerous—the following practice was observed: The recruiter's boat pulled in to the beach, but, before touching, it was slewed round and backed in stern first. Then the recruiter had his box of trade goods placed on the beach, and stepped out of the boat. Generally he was unarmed, so as to give the natives confidence, for sometimes they would resent the sight of a revolver in his belt, would sulk, and no "business" would be done. Then the boat would push off a little so as just to keep afloat in case of treachery—the crew ready to bend to the oars the moment the recruiter was on board—that is, if he was lucky enough to get there. Meanwhile, the covering-boat stood by, ready to open fire and cover the escape of the first boat, or

go to the assistance of the recruiter and his crew if they were being overpowered by a sudden rush of savages.

On this occasion I had with me in my boat the two Fijians, two Rarotongans, and a Savage Islander. My trade-chest was filled with the usual gear dear to the New Britain native—12-inch butcher-knives, red beads, hoop-iron for making knives, and clay pipes and tobacco, although the latter article was almost unknown to these particular savages, who did not possess a pipe amongst them.

Just as I was going over the side into the leading boat, Waters asked permission to come with me, as he wanted to get some sand for holystoning the cabin floor. The captain was agreeable, and so was I, so off we went, and in a few minutes we were abreast of the village beach, which was thronged with natives, all armed with spears and clubs, as was to be expected, but maintaining a friendly demeanour. Three or four hundred yards away from the men were fifty or sixty women and children, squatted on the sand—a sure indication, as I believed, that the boats would not be attacked. So slewing round, I backed in, left my steer oar apeak, and got out with my trade-box, one of the Fiji men coming with me to interpret.

In half an hour sixteen stark-nude, "intelligent cannibals" had promised to "recruit" with me to work for three years in Samoa on the cotton plantations,

Waters was running—not very fast—along the beach, carrying a bag of sand in one hand, and my Winchester in the other. Suddenly he stopped, and threw himself flat down upon the sand, his bag of sand in front of him, and facing towards the dense bush less than twenty yards distant. Then at the same moment as the Winchester cracked a shower of spears flew about him, and again and again he fired, whilst we in the boats, although we could not see a single native, began firing into the bush from whence the spears were coming. Then we rushed the boats for the beach, and whilst the men in the covering-boat went to see to Waters, my crew and I tore up the bank, bent on getting to close quarters with his treacherous assailants. Not a single live native could be seen, but we found three dead and two wounded. As we were examining the latter, the brig opened fire on the village with the port side guns, much to the delight of the two Fiji men, who now had the slaughter-lust, and wanted me to attack and burn the village. But I had had enough excitement, and was half-blind as well, for in running up the bank I had caught my foot in a creeper, and fallen, and the man behind me—a Savage Islander, one of my boat's crew—trod on my face and filled my eyes with sand.

Returning to the beach, I was grieved to find that Waters was badly wounded. No fewer than three spears had struck him, and it was marvellous that he had not been killed, for we picked up over fifty of the long, slender weapons lying about him. His worst wound was in the back—the spear had entered it obliquely, come out on the left side, and buried a half foot of its length in the sand. The other wounds were trifling in comparison, but the poor fellow was in great agony, although losing but little blood.

I saw that it was necessary to remove the spear from his back at once, and this was done by the unwounded Fijian in a splendidly expert manner. It was of the same thickness for two feet of its length, and the Fijian first cut it off at the back, then we turned Waters over on his side, and the "surgeon," seizing the sandy, blood-stained point, drew it out by one swift, steady pull.

"I felt like a cursed porcupine," Waters said faintly, as I gave him some rum-and-water. "Did you find any dead niggers?"

"Three, and two wounded."

In a few minutes we were on our way to the brig, and Waters was laid out on the skylight; and whilst the captain dressed his wounds, the mate got the ship to sea again. Then we stood away for New Ireland.

In three weeks Waters had recovered and was at work again, and was of great assistance in helping us to get nearly forty "recruits" at Ralum, on the north coast of New Britain, where he was well known to the natives. Then we worked back to New Ireland, and

got sixty more, which made us a full ship and left us to thrash our way against the south-east trade back to Samoa.

Just off Rotumah Island we met H.M.S. —, which signalled to us to heave-to. Then we were boarded by her First-Lieutenant, a tall, grey-haired man, who was good enough, after he had examined our papers, to compliment us on the appearance of the brig and the healthy, contented looks of our hundred "blackbirds."

As he was talking to us in the cabin, Waters entered, and the moment the officer saw him his face flushed, and for some moments the two men looked keenly at each other. Then Waters turned to the captain, and said quietly—

"Is there anything you want, Sir?"

"Nothing, thank you, Steward."

Waters stood still a second and looked at the naval officer, and in his deep-set grey eyes there came such a look of deadly hatred that his face was transformed. Then, with a contemptuous gesture, he turned and went on deck.

At Samoa he left us, shipping as an A.B. on an American schooner bound to Honolulu. We were sorry to lose him, and, as he bade me good-bye on shore that evening, he told me a little of his past.

"Do you remember the Lieutenant who boarded us off Rotumah?" he asked.

"Yes."

"He is my brother. He stole the woman I loved from me. That is what turned me into a wandering loafer."

THE END.



At the same moment as the Winchester cracked a shower of spears flew about him.

and I felt mightily pleased with myself, as I gave each man a present of some beads, a knife, and some tobacco, on account of the magnificent salary each was to receive—six pounds per year in trade-goods. They promised to come on board later on in the day with their relatives, when I was to make them a further advance of whatever might take their fancy in the trade-room.

Just as I was about to get back into the boat I remembered Waters, who had gone along to a little bay some distance away, where there was a beach of fine white sand—the spot where the boats were had a muddy foreshore.

"Where is the steward, Bill?" I called out to the second mate in the covering-boat.

"Just along there, Sir," and he pointed to the sandy beach, which I could not see from where I stood, "we can pick him up there."

Remarking that he had no business to go so far away from the boats in a new place, I got into the boat, and had just taken the haft of the steer-oar in my hand when the second mate gave a yell.

"Look out, Sir! Look out!" and then he and his boat's crew opened fire as a shower of spears rained upon us from the shore. Only one, however, did any serious damage—it hit one of the Fiji men, who was pulling stroke and went through his thigh. But in less than two minutes we were out of spear-range, and then both boats set off to pick up Waters.

"He's all right, Sir," cried the second mate, "he has your Winchester. He's coming to meet us."

RELICS OF THE INQUISITION: STRANGE PROCESSIONAL FIGURES IN LEATHER.

BORDER DESIGN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



1. AN ANGEL, PRESUMABLY GABRIEL.

2. FATHER TIME SURMOUNTED BY A CHARIOT, THE WHEEL OF WHICH FORMS A CLOCK-FACE.

3. FEMALE DEVIL WITH A FORK AND THUNDERBOLT.

4. TWO FIGURES OF MEN IN ARMOUR.

5. CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM.

6. MALE AND FEMALE DEVILS CARRYING TWO FEMALE FIGURES ON A FORK.

7. FIGURE, PRESUMABLY THAT OF RICHARD COEUR DE LION.

8. A PILGRIM WITH A PILGRIM'S CROSS.

From a strong-room under some secret cellars of a house in Lower Kennington these curiosities have just been removed. The figures here reproduced belong to a group of some hundreds of images, mostly of life size. Several of them are, however, of gigantic proportions, and these, which formed part of a processional display of the Inquisition, were originally taken from the vaults under the Council Chambers of the Holy Office at Lisbon. They are believed to be at least four hundred years old. In the border are represented various instruments of torture, the wheel, the pulley, a modification of the boot, and symbolical representations of death by fire. The vestment on the left, known as the "Fuego Revolto," was worn at an "auto da fé" by heretics who had escaped the fire by recanting before condemnation. That on the right is the "Samurra," the garment of shame worn at the stake by those who had refused to recant.

THE PYROTECHNIC CARNIVAL OF THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE": FIREWORKS AND ILLUMINATIONS AT BREST.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BREST.



THE FLIGHT OF TRICOLOURED ROCKETS THAT OPENED THE FIREWORK DISPLAY OF THE COMBINED FLEETS.

On the night of July 14 the harbour of Brest presented a most charming spectacle. All the ships were outlined with fairy lamps, and these illuminations were followed by a pyrotechnic display on a great scale. First came a flight of two hundred and fifty tricoloured rockets, and this was followed by a miniature bombardment by cascades, fiery serpents, and star-shells, the whole combining to give an effect of unrivalled splendour. Towards the end of the entertainment came a magnificent set piece, showing the portraits in fire of President Loubet and the King.

THE · OFFICIAL · INQUIRY · INTO · THE · WAR · STORES · SCANDAL.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG



The Hon. Mr. Justice Farwell. Sir Francis Mowatt. The Right Hon. Sir George Lindsay Gaither. F. M. Marshall. Sir George White. Mr. Samuel Hope Marley.

A SITTING OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION APPOINTED TO INVESTIGATE THE ALLEGATIONS MADE IN THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE PRESIDED OVER BY GENERAL BUTLER.

SHEFFIELD'S RECORD DAY OF ROYAL PAGEANTRY: THE ADDRESSES.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SHEFFIELD.



Lord Mayor.

THE TOWN HALL CEREMONIES: MR. BRITTAIN PRESENTING THE ADDRESS FROM THE TOWN TRUSTEES.

Their Majesties' first halt in Sheffield was at the Town Hall, where the Corporation, the Cutlers, and all the prominent public bodies presented loyal addresses. The address from the Town Trustees was presented by Mr. Alderman W. H. Brittain, a prominent citizen and a former Master Cutler.

TWO SCENES OF ROYAL CEREMONY AT SHEFFIELD.



SHEFFIELD'S ROYAL DAY: THE KING AND QUEEN PASSING UP HIGH STREET ON THEIR WAY TO THE TOWN HALL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. H. SLATER.

On their arrival at Sheffield on July 12, their Majesties went in a carriage procession to the Town Hall, where the formal address of welcome was presented by the Corporation. The route was by way of High Street, which added to its other decorations a curious parapet of alternate arches and obelisks in white, with a low wall running between.



A MILITARY CEREMONY AT SHEFFIELD: THE KING PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE 2ND BATTALION OF THE KING'S OWN YORKSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SHEFFIELD.

In Weston Park, on a tree-shaded lawn, was performed the ceremony of presenting the new colours. The usual military ritual was observed. First, the old colours were paraded to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," and then the new emblems were consecrated by the Archbishop of York. Lieutenants Simpson and Johnson then knelt and received the new colours from his Majesty's hand, and thereafter Colonel Whitaker thanked the King. His Majesty afterwards addressed the regiment, complimenting it on its distinguished record, and expressing his confidence that the traditions of the past would be upheld.

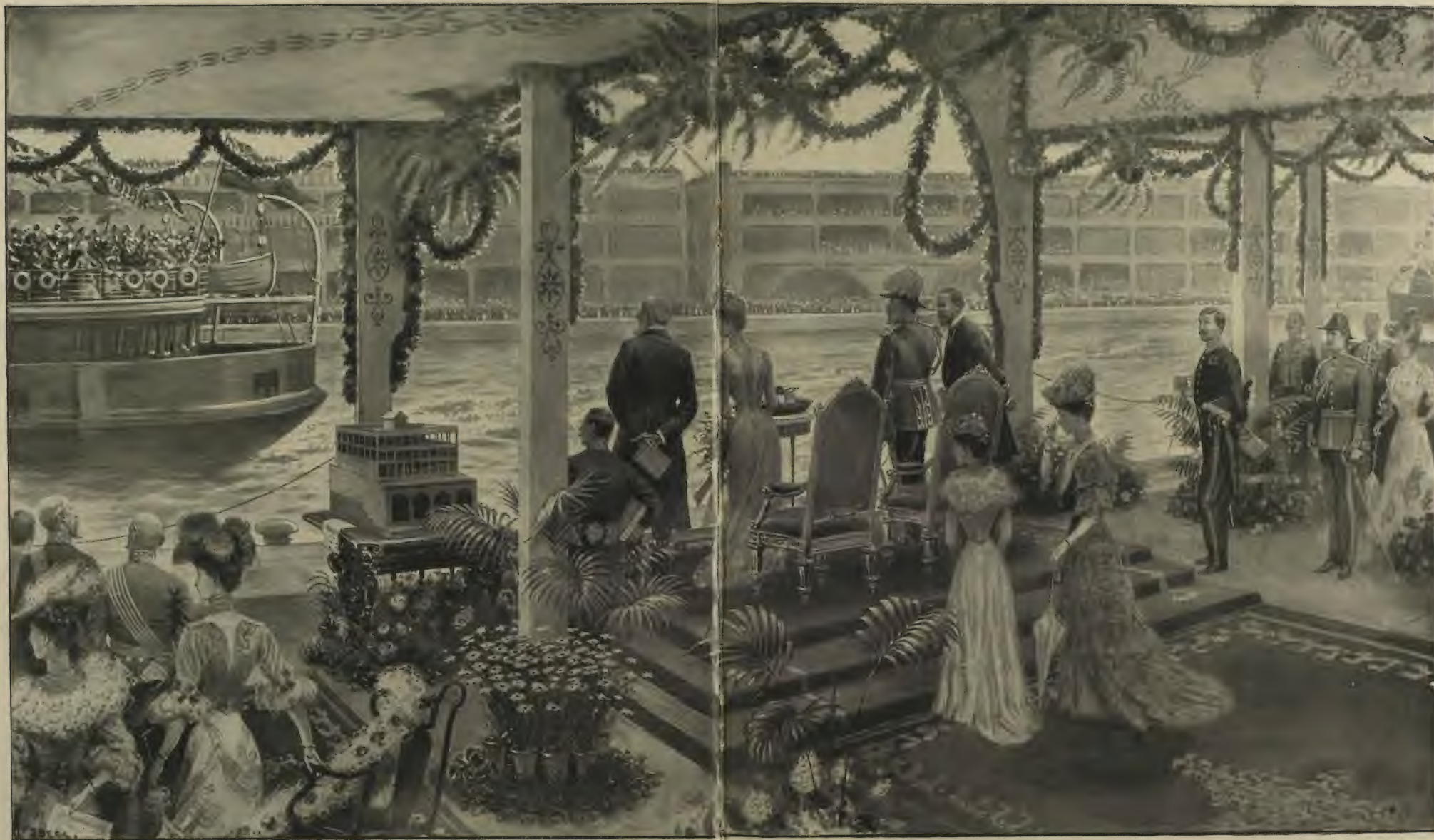
THE ROYAL RECOGNITION OF MANCHESTER'S CIVIC DIGNITY: KNIGHTING THE LORD MAYOR.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM A SKETCH BY S. BIGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT MANCHESTER



"RISE, SIR THOMAS THORNHILL SHANN": HIS MAJESTY DUBBING THE LORD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER KNIGHT.

After the addresses had been presented at the Town Hall, his Majesty beckoned to the Lord Mayor to advance, and called on Lord Stanley for a sword. The Chief Magistrate then knelt. His Majesty struck his shoulder three times, and, to the deep satisfaction of the Mancunians, their first citizen rose Sir Thomas Thornhill Shann.



Duke of Devonshire.

Mr. Southern.

The Queen.

The King.

Miss Knollys. Mr. Bythell.

The Countess of Gosford.

Lord Stanley.

THE KING AND OUR GREAT INLAND SEAPORT: HIS MAJESTY OPENING No. 9 DOCK OF THE SHIP CANAL, MANCHESTER, JULY 13.

DRAWN BY S. BEGO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT MANCHESTER.

To open the new dock was the principal object of the King's visit to Manchester. The great harbourage has a peculiar interest, as it has been constructed on the site of the old Manchester racecourse, vestiges of which still remain. On the opening day, indeed, the former grand stand was crowded with spectators. As the King and Queen looked across the water from the Royal Pavilion, they were faced by thousands of their loyal subjects, seated in front and on the roofs of the new wharves. The chairman of the company, Mr. F. K. Bythell, and the deputy-chairman, Mr. F. W. Southern, were presented by Lord Stanley. Mr. Bythell handed an address to his Majesty, who thereafter touched an electric lever, which cut the boom closing the dock. Amid cheers and a salute of artillery, two steamers made the passage of the basin, which, it is understood, will be named the King's Dock.

BOOKS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

THE KNIFE IN THE LEAVES.

THE title-page of "Sturmsee" (Macmillan) informs us, merely that it is by the author of "Calmire," a novel which occupies in the fiction of the United States some such place as that held by "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve" in our own. Transgressing most of the rules we should be inclined to lay down for good fiction, the novel under review is one of the ablest upon which we have happened for a long time. It is written deliberately, and in every word with a purpose, which, in this case, is a greater sin (theoretically), because its author shows very clearly an ability to provide a story pure and simple. We can conceive the philosophic reader, on the other hand, regretting that the writer should ever have thought it necessary to attract attention for his arguments and conclusions by giving them a coat of fiction. To crown all, "Sturmsee" runs to inordinate length—to some three hundred thousand words; in fact, a number equal to that in three or even four novels of usual dimensions. In saying so much, we are no doubt condemning it in the eyes of those who look in their fiction for light recreation. But to those others who will delight in fresh and forcible thinking applied over a wide field of human relations, we warmly commend it. They will derive from it considerable insight into the constitution of American society: the problems it discusses, though it is in respect of their special setting in the States that the writer shows the great scope of his knowledge and experience, are by no means exclusively of interest for citizens of that country. (Not the least characteristic thing in the book, by the way, is the author's American manner of regarding business relations, as shown, for example, in his attitude to his real hero, Philson, a tin-plate manufacturer, especially in regard to his deal for the farms on which he is to erect his workman city.) In "Sturmsee," in a word, we find ourselves in contact with a man of strong individuality and character, a thinker who is earnest, shrewd, unflinching, and at the same time of tender sympathies. He chooses to conceal his identity, but we imagine that there must be many of his countrymen to whom it stands revealed in the grasp of these pages. There cannot be many men with the personality and the experience necessary for the writing of them.

The late George Gissing was certainly more at home when he wrote "Will Warburton" (Constable) than he was in "Veranilda." London, not ancient Rome, was the natural atmosphere of his talent, Mr. H. G. Wells's judgment notwithstanding. This last book is much lighter than his earlier studies of poverty. Warburton loses his money; but his struggles are rather humorous than grim. He sets up as a grocer and calls himself Jollyman. For Gissing this is sportive comedy. Jollyman in an apron behind the counter, serving sugar, is an entertaining figure, though he is serious enough. The author does not seem to have studied the details of a grocer's life with his customary minuteness; and the sentimental reader will not be made unhappy. Bertha Cross, who eventually marries this grocer, and sustains him in his purpose to go on grocering, is a very pleasant blending of humour and good sense. The very unlovely nature of her mother is sketched with so light a hand that it never sinks into depressing realism. Gissing, it is clear, had made up his mind that this book, at any rate, should not be charged with too sordid fidelity. Unfortunately, the artist, Norbert Franks, who is rejected by the fair Rosamund, is rather shadowy. Rosamund is distressed because he abandons high art for popular painting, and intimates that she cannot marry a man who threatens to become rich by this way of life. As she does marry him eventually, it is rather doubtful whether her earlier mood is pure affectation or deep design. Elusiveness may be a feminine charm; but here it puzzles without seeming to be worth while. The book is distinctly readable, though it cannot be classed with Gissing's best work. It is, indeed, a moot point whether the memory of this author, who had so much individuality, is well served by the publication of works which suffer so severely by comparison with his better manner.

In "The Image in the Sand" (Heinemann) Mr. E. F. Benson essays a story of the occult. We make the acquaintance of an Englishman in Egypt, with one fair daughter and no more. He is a widower, a dabbler in spiritualism, longing to see the spirit of his dead wife. With the help of a congenial inquirer named Henderson, he raises the ghost of an ancient Egyptian, who has the bad taste to figure as the departed lady. The shock is too much for the widower, who dies, leaving his orphan daughter a prey to Henderson, a designing character, armed with the power to summon that ancient Egyptian, not only in ruined temples by the Nile, but even in our prosaic London. The whole point of the romance is that Ida, when the spell is laid upon her, becomes possessed of a demon, and would certainly go to Henderson if several able-bodied persons did not intervene. Mr. Benson has probably never read Bulwer Lytton's "Strange Story," in which a precisely similar idea is handled with great skill and with real eeriness. Mr. Benson is not eerie. Try as he will, he cannot make his personages and his narrative anything but mechanical. One does not care for Ida, or her father, or the malignant Henderson, or the ancient Egyptian. There is no touch of true imagination in them; and the whole uninteresting business is set forth at inordinate length.

Mr. Benson had better return to his proper trade, and tell us some more about Dodo.

Mr. Horace Hutchinson's "Two Moods of a Man" (Smith, Elder) is a courageous attempt to grapple with the problem of the warring controls in a man's mental life, or, to put it another way, to show clearly how certain essential impulses, set at variance, may make havoc of a responsive personality. In his imaginary case of George Hood, he has expressed the clashing influences concretely; they are women, but women who stand, as it seems to us, less for flesh and blood, "human nature's daily food," than symbolically for the inner conflict. Hood, who is represented as a man with brilliant possibilities before him, is shown first with his gypsy wife, living a joyful, pagan existence in a van in the Ashdown Forest. Gracia, beautiful as the day, moves serenely outside her husband's philosophic meditations. She satisfies the quiescent side of his nature; she is the mother of his child; she is part and parcel of the nature that welcomes him with such bountiful arms when he leaves London to return to her. Unhappily for Gracia, their marriage is not a legal one in England, and Hood takes advantage of the fact to marry an American woman, the embodiment of restless, ambitious culture, who shall stimulate his intellect and force him upward to success. The result is failure—plausibly worked out, though we may say we cannot help taking exception to the manner of the man's downfall. The book is a clever, thoughtful piece of work, but it is inconclusive; principally, we think, because Mr. Hutchinson has neglected the ethical side of his hero's dilemma in his endeavour to round off an intricate psychological study.

Mixed marriages between Europeans and Asiatics are usually so disastrous that it may at once be admitted that Mrs. Chan-Toon's unpleasant story, "A Marriage in Burmah" (Greening) ought to serve a useful purpose. No one who has the slightest experience of Anglo-Indian life will fail to see that much of its matter is the outcome of direct observation and experience. Once the initial difficulty of Moung Gyaw's acceptance by the English girl's parents is overcome—and, after all, this is only too probable, considering the profound ignorance of the British middle-class concerning the wider ways of Empire—the burden of the novel must be accepted, however reluctantly. Mrs. Chan-Toon is bitter, and etches in Rangoon society with a vitriolic pen: she protests in her preface that she holds no brief for either party; but her treatment of the European attitude towards hapless Mrs. Moung Gyaw, the English girl who marries a Burmese barrister and has to live in Burmah to discover exactly what she has done, does not strike us as an example of lofty impartiality. Mrs. Moung Gyaw was, of course, peculiarly unfortunate; and if the author had moderated her misfortunes she would have heightened the effect she wishes to produce. It may be the unforgivable sin for a white woman to marry an Asiatic and return with him to his country; but Moung Gyaw, who was a liar, a drunkard, and a cad, would have been all these things equally in a white skin. Mrs. Chan-Toon confuses the antipathies of race and of character: whether intentionally or not, it is not for us to say.

Mr. A. C. Benson has enriched the "English Men of Letters" series (Macmillan) with a very delightful monograph on Edward FitzGerald. He has dealt faithfully with that fastidious, irresolute, eccentric, lovable spirit, so constant in friendship, and yet so remote from the world and the ideas of his friends. Many readers who may shrink from "that large infidel," as Tennyson called Omar, whose quatrains FitzGerald "made music of" in well-nigh flawless English verse, should be drawn to "Old Fitz" for the sake of his enchanting letters. Mr. Benson does not spare his weaknesses; there is more than a hint that FitzGerald's life was misspent, that he sacrificed much of his intellectual endowment by sheer lack of will. But what would a will have done for him; a will and energy like Carlyle's, for example? With such a stimulus he would probably have had none of the qualities which give him his peculiar note in our literature. He would have written many articles in the reviews perhaps, utilising to the utmost his fine gift of criticism. But he would scarcely have written the imperishable poem which belongs to the very languor of melancholy that was the root of his nature. He would certainly not have written his fascinating letters, so rich in the humour which is of the very essence of a cultivated indolence, of erratic and exquisite whim. Charles Lamb was in the same case. An explosive energy and unremitting industry would not have given us Elia. It is curious that FitzGerald cared not so much for Elia, who, to his thinking, was probably too elaborate of workmanship, as for Lamb's letters, which stand beside FitzGerald's in the spontaneity of wayward charm. Carlyle, in his savage moods, when he tossed most of his contemporaries like an angry bull, did not spare Lamb. Perhaps he had not forgiven that gentle humorist for jesting disrespectfully at Goethe. But FitzGerald had a soothing magic for him; he would have been content, he said, to have fifty-two of "Old Fitz's" letters in the year, provided he had not to answer them. They had almost the effect of David's minstrelsy on the demented Saul, though Carlyle was not more unlike Saul than FitzGerald was unlike David.

THE PERENNIAL MAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

HE arose in Nineveh and Babylon, or in whatever earliest civic community these names stand for. The product of seclusion from the soil by bricks and mortar, he is the fine flower of artificiality in its coarsest manifestations, and he would be merely dull were it not that the persistency of his type through the ages lends him at least a literary interest. Aristophanes met him daily; Demosthenes left a monument to his midnight pranks in the most diverting of all the speeches; Horace and Juvenal laughed with or at him; Shakspeare was on occasion himself the very man (but never, of course, dull), Dekker thought so highly of him that he put himself about to compose him a Hornbook for his complete direction through the labyrinth of London. Further on, Johnson marked how—

He sleeps on brambles till he pinks his man,

and the picture was only that of the Roman satirist's ruffler in an English speculum. Nowadays we have unhooked his sword, but little else; and anyone who studied the part as Dekker would have it played will find that, in 1609, the art of living handsomely on nothing a year was as perfectly understood as it was two centuries later by Rawdon Crawley.

One of the recent publications of the De la More Press, from which issues "The King's Classics," a most desirable series of reprints, is Mr. McKerrow's edition of the "Gull's Hornbook," designed to make any youth of high conceit and meagre wit a master of fashionable chicanery in the brief compass of eight chapters. It was addressed to the less gallant sort of gallant, who would have had to sleep on brambles every night, for if Davies's definition of the Gull be applied to Dekker's protégé, he would never pink his man—since your Gull

Endures the lie and knocks about the ears,

Whilst in his sheath his sleeping sword doth bide.

And, indeed, throughout the whole Hornbook there is no advice as to how the neophyte should bear himself, once being in a quarrel, so that his adversary should beware of him. He is to become master of quite another sort of fence—that of the tongue, the outward appearance, so that being taken for what he is not he may profit accordingly.

On one or two counts, the times have grown harder for the Gull. His parade in Paul's Walk he takes still in Bond Street and Piccadilly, or, if the weather be foul, he may find a sheltered, if not a sacred, arcade close at hand, where he may observe the ritual that to-day takes the place of the ceremonies prescribed by the Hornbook for the cathedral promenade. In this he is no worse off, but in the playhouse his wings are regrettably clipped. There Dekker's pupil had his most abundant opportunity for self-advertisement. The delicious and ever-to-be-lamented lost custom of sitting on the stage ought really to be revived by astute managers whose box-office returns hint at an early withdrawal of the piece. It would save many a tottering piece, and Momus might remark incidentally on the bills that such-and-such smart people would to-night occupy stools on the stage. He would thus secure a double "draw," and the play, for the matter of that, might go hang.

Lost candidates for these unofficial Thespian honours should imagine that there is not, after all, very much "in it," let them turn to the Hornbook and read Chapter VI. Over the benefits to be derived from sitting on the stage the Mentor of Gulls waxes dithyrambic. "For do but cast up a reckoning," he cries, "what large comings-in are pursued up by sitting on the stage. First, a conspicuous eminence is gotten." This might have been held to comprehend the whole matter, but the three following paragraphs elaborate the glories of the position, and each is introduced with the reiterated phrase—"By sitting on the stage." When this effect palls, Dekker is equal to a variation, emphatic of arrogance, whence the passage is easy to amateur dramatic criticism—

By spreading your body on the stage and by being a justice in examining of plays, you shall put yourself into such true scenical authority, that some poet shall not dare to present his muse rudely upon your eyes, without having first unmasked her . . . before you at a tavern; when you most knightly shall, for his pains, pay for both their suppers.

If you do not like the play, or have a spite at the author, an admirable score is to rise at the best part and go out with every token of disapprobation, first taking care to "salute all your gentle acquaintance . . . and draw what troop you can from the stage after you." This movement in the hands of the modern Mr. Puff would yield advertisement at compound interest, and reputations would fluctuate with all the fascination of Stock Exchange quotations. The market might even be rigged with more than Capel Court dexterity, and the excitement of hazard added to that of mere playgoing. In days when the drama, with one or two exceptions, is held to be degenerate and false, the revival of "sitting on the stage," with Dekker's variations, would introduce the lost element of actuality, and the real play would gradually oust the effete mimicry of the mere hired actors. It is a career open to all the talents of *aurea juvenus*, male and female, each after their kind, and not to youth alone, for the stage has its seven ages, and the fun would be incomplete without old Miss Biddy Buckskin and Lady Betty Blackleg to support their Agreeable Rattle Mr. Marlowe, and make the interlude, in that gentleman's words, as merry as cards, suppers, and old women can make it. The possibilities, indeed, of the modern application of "The Gull's Hornbook," are endless.

MANCHESTER'S RECORD DAY OF ROYAL PAGEANTRY: THE KING'S VISIT.



THE KING AT THE CENTRE OF MANCHESTER'S MUNICIPAL LIFE: HIS MAJESTY ARRIVING AT THE TOWN HALL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CENTRAL PHOTO ENGRAVING COMPANY.

The splendid Town Hall of Manchester, fronting Albert Square, is one of the sights of the City. There, before proceeding to open the Ship Canal Dock, the King and Queen were occupied for nearly half-an-hour receiving addresses from the Corporation and the other public bodies. All the rooms were magnificently decorated with flowers, and were crowded with representative citizens and their friends.



THE FINAL CEREMONY OF THE GREAT DAY: THE KING UNVEILING THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEMORIAL AT SALFORD

PHOTOGRAPH BY ENTWISTLE THORPE AND COMPANY.

As the King passed through Salford on his way back to the railway station at Manchester, he halted opposite Salford Royal Hospital and unveiled the memorial erected by the borough to the memory of many townsmen who served in South Africa 1899-1902, and particularly of the Volunteer Active Service Companies of the Lancashire Fusiliers.



WIMBLEDON'S "HAMPTON COURT": QUEEN ALEXANDRA COURT,
OPENED BY THE QUEEN ON JULY 15.

These mansions have been erected to a large extent by the generosity of the Queen as rent-free residences for the widows and daughters of officers of both services.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE NEW PRINCE: YORK COTTAGE,
SANDRINGHAM.

The fifth son, and sixth-child, of the Prince of Wales was born at York Cottage on the morning of July 12, which, by the way, was the birthday of Julius Caesar.



THE VIRTUAL WINNER: "NAPIER II." FINISHING SECOND IN THE RACE.



THE TECHNICAL WINNER: "LA RAPIÈRE" AT FULL SPEED.

THE CROSS-CHANNEL MOTOR-RACE: THE VIRTUAL BUT NOT TECHNICAL BRITISH VICTORY.

The race from Boulogne to Folkestone and back was run on July 15, and although Mr. Edge's "Napier II." came in two-and-a-half minutes ahead of the French boat "La Rapière," she was denied the first place, because, owing to a misunderstanding, she did not cross the technical finishing line. Mr. Arthur Macdonald, steersman of "Napier II.," entered a protest. "La Rapière's" time was two hours, twenty-five minutes, fifty seconds. "Napier II.'s" official time is given as two hours, twenty-seven minutes and four-fifths of a second, as, after entering the harbour ahead of "La Rapière," she took a turn out to sea again, re-entering in the French boat's wake.



PRINCE AND PRINCESS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS WELCOMED TO SWEDEN: THE LANDING AT STOCKHOLM.

The royal sloop "Vasa" brought the newly wedded pair to the landing stage amid salutes from the war ships and batteries. The Chief Burgomaster presented an address of welcome, and thereafter the Prince and Princess passed through a pavilion to their carriage, and drove through rejoicing crowds to the Palace.

A FUTURE QUEEN OF SWEDEN'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN HER ADOPTED COUNTRY.



THE STATE "TE DEUM" IN THE ROYAL CHAPEL, STOCKHOLM, ON THE OCCASION OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS'S ARRIVAL.

The Prince and Princess arrived in Stockholm on July 6, and were received with the greatest enthusiasm by the people. Their Royal Highnesses appeared in the balcony of the palace and seemed greatly gratified by their reception. The same afternoon a "Te Deum," attended by all the royal family, was celebrated in the royal chapel by Mr. Irving, the King's chaplain.

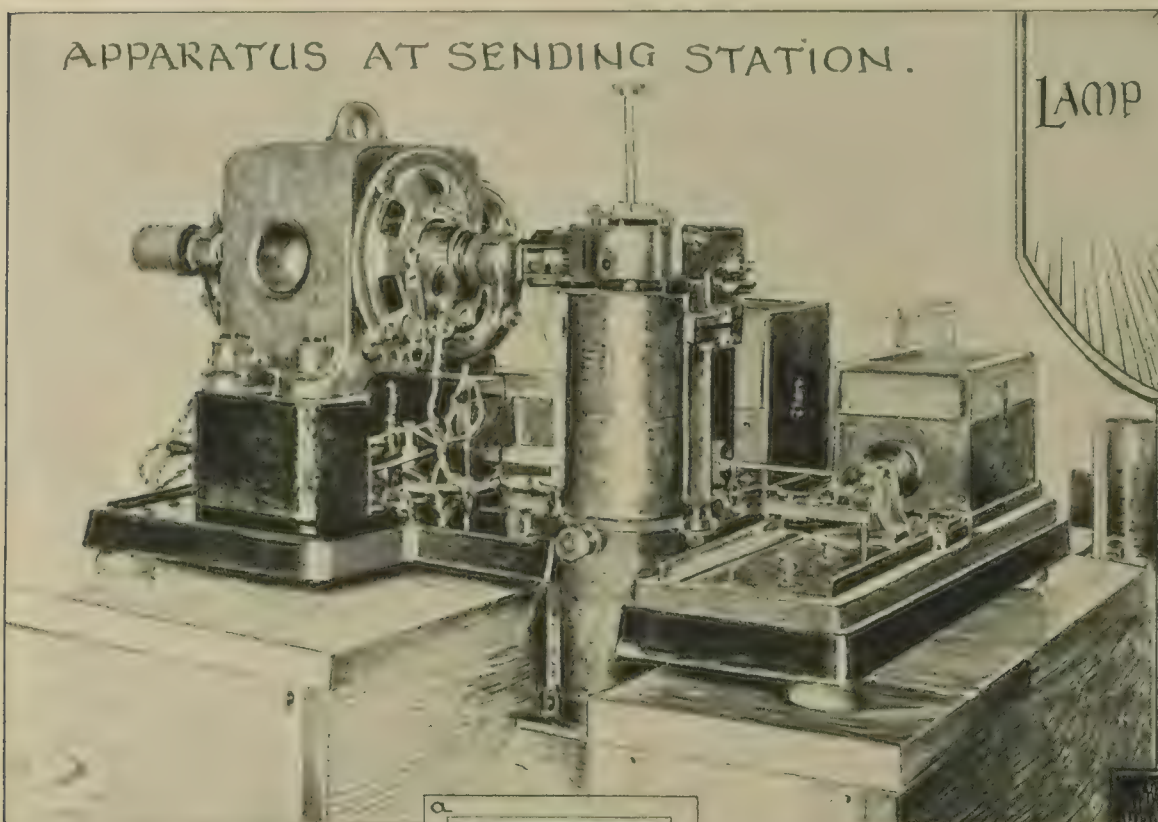


A HAPPY BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND HIS ENGLISH WIFE, PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT, ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN SWEDEN.

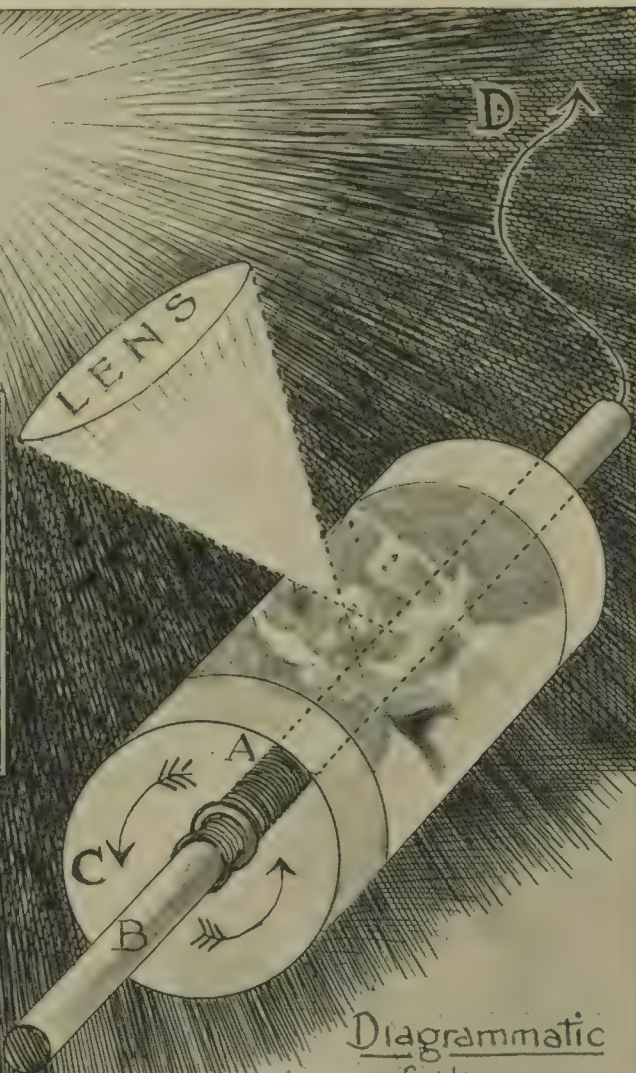
SENDING PHOTOGRAPHS BY TELEGRAPH: ANOTHER WONDER OF ELECTRICITY.

DRAWINGS BY A. HUGH FISHER.

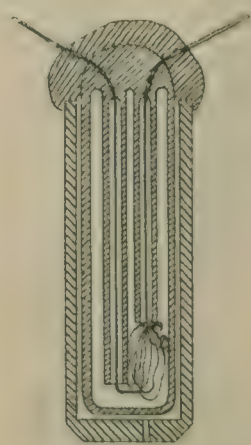
APPARATUS AT SENDING STATION.



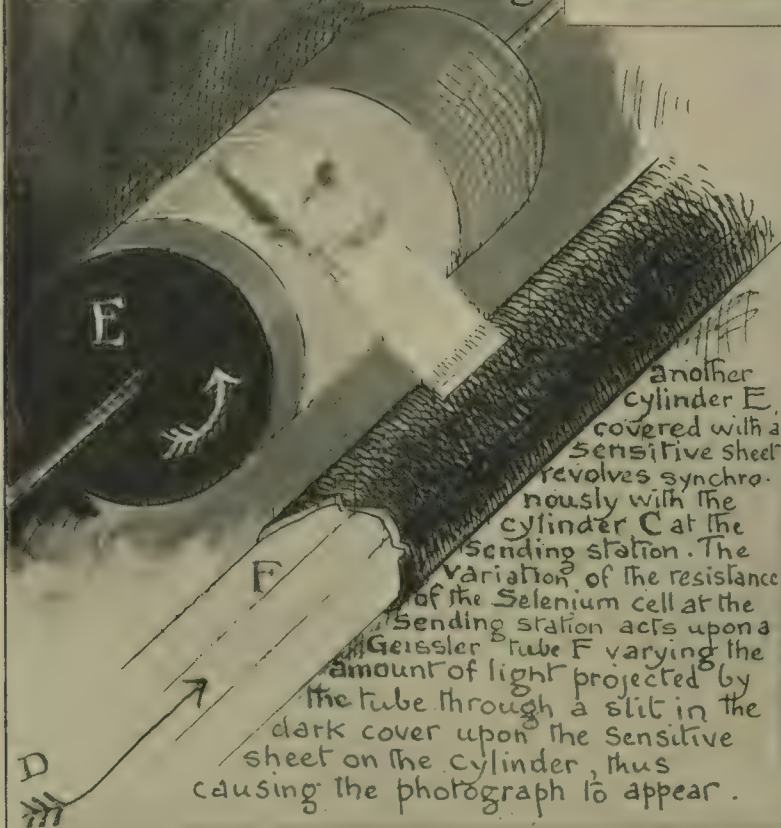
LAMP

Diagrammatic
view of the
method of transmitting.

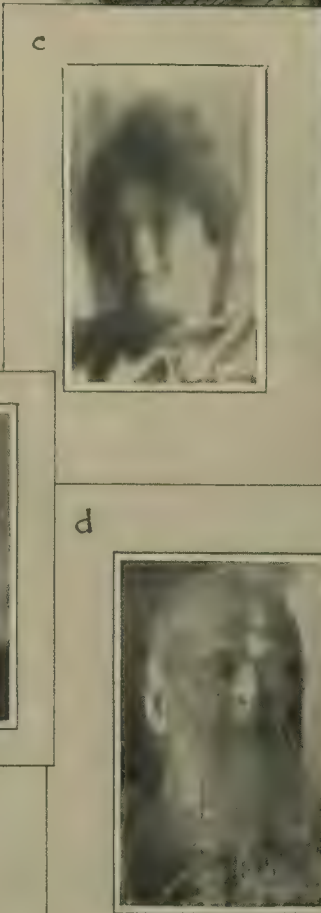
A Selenium cell A (Platinum wire wound on slate and covered with Selenium) is mounted upon the axis B within the glass cylinder C. A beam of light is thrown through a lens so as to pass through a negative film fastened upon the cylinder and affecting the electrical resistance of the Selenium cell according to the amount of light which passes through. A motor keeps the cylinder revolving and sliding to bring all parts of the film under the light. The varying current passes along wire D to the receiving station.



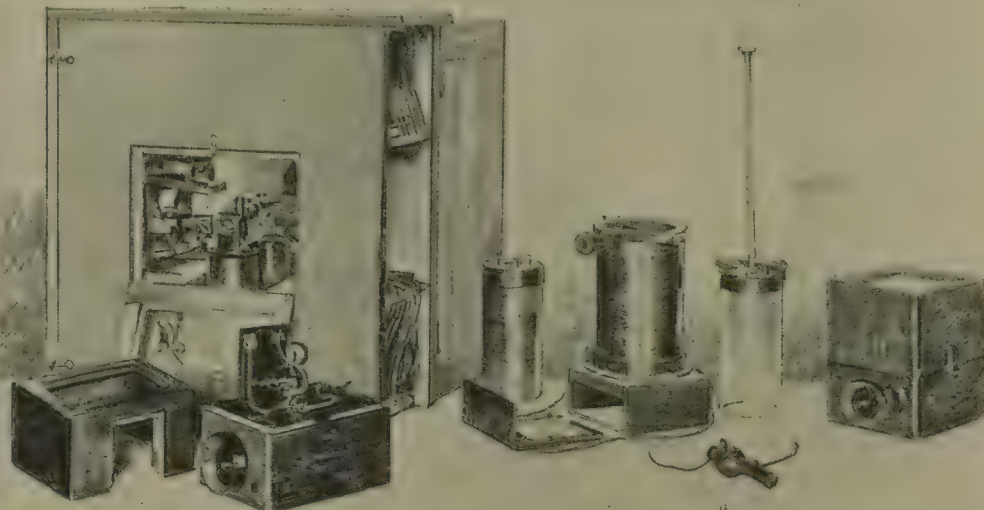
LAMP

Diagrammatic view of
the method of receiving

another cylinder E covered with a sensitive sheet revolves synchronously with the cylinder C at the sending station. The variation of the resistance of the Selenium cell at the sending station acts upon a Geissler tube F varying the amount of light projected by the tube through a slit in the dark cover upon the sensitive sheet on the cylinder, thus causing the photograph to appear.



APPARATUS AT RECEIVING STATION.



A. HUGH FISHER.

THE APPARATUS THAT TRANSMITS PICTURES TO A DISTANCE, AND FACSIMILES OF PHOTOGRAPHS AS ACTUALLY RECEIVED
BY PROFESSOR KORN'S APPARATUS (a, b, c, d).

The French telegraph service has been experimenting on a line between Paris and Rouen with an instrument (the invention of Professor Arthur Korn, of Munich) for transmitting photographs, handwriting, and photo-engravings to a distance. The method is described above, and the transmission of photographs has been rendered possible by the use of a selenium cell, the electrical resistance of which varies according to the action of light upon it. An image from the photographic film is thrown upon the selenium cell, and the variable resistances thus set up are reproduced at the receiving-end of the apparatus, and vary the light of a Geissler tube, which acts upon a sensitive surface as explained in the diagram.

THE WORST WELSH COLLIERY DISASTER FOR ELEVEN YEARS: RECOVERING THE VICTIMS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER: NO. 2 PIT OF THE UNITED NATIONAL COLLIERIES, WATTSTOWN, RHONDDA VALLEY.



THE HEAD OF THE SHAFT OF NO. 2 PIT.



A RESCUE-PARTY WAITING TO DESCEND THE SHAFT.



A TOO FAMILIAR SIGHT DURING THE PAST WEEK IN WATTSTOWN:
A VICTIM BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE.



RELATIVES OF THE VICTIMS WAITING FOR THE RECOVERY OF BODIES FROM THE WORKINGS.



AN AFFLICTED TOWN: THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE GATES OF THE COLLIERY AS RECOVERED BODIES WERE BEING BORNE FROM THE MINE.

On July 11 a colliery disaster, unequalled since 1891, occurred at the Welsh pit here illustrated. One hundred and twenty men were killed, including the mine manager, Mr. Meredith. Only one of the men employed in the workings at the time of the explosion escaped. Three men were got out alive, but only one survived.

LADIES' PAGE.

It was a very rare, probably an unprecedented, event for two of the Queen's Maids-of-Honour to be married at the same time. The honour done by their Majesties to the two young ladies who were wedded last week was equally remarkable. The Maids-of-Honour come in very close contact with their royal mistress. They are expected to accompany her on her very various expeditions, from a mere drive or visit to a bazaar up to the most magnificent State functions. Two of them are on duty at one time. They have an allowance from the Queen of £300 a year, but as their dress must on certain occasions be of the most handsome description the office is one of honour rather than profit; but the



A FINE DRESS OF LINEN.

White linen as shown above makes a really smart gown. It is adorned with a yoke and cuffs of Valenciennes lace and rows of fancy trimming; the skirt is fully pleated, and a belt of silk with enamel buckle finishes the effect.

distinction of the position is great—it carries with it the title of the "Honourable" for life, too—and the pleasure of being in the company of Queens like her present Majesty and Queen Victoria has also to be reckoned. One of the brides of the other day has had the privilege of serving both the late and the present Queen, for Lord Vivian's daughter was appointed by Queen Victoria to serve her in 1899, and was reappointed, in company with her twin sister, by Queen Alexandra immediately on her accession as Queen Consort, and the two pretty Maids-of-Honour have been in attendance on the Queen at many an imposing function, including the Coronation, and have been much admired. The other bride was Miss Mary Dyke, the daughter of Sir William Hart Dyke and of Lady Emily Hart Dyke, the latter being the sister of the Queen's devoted servant and friend, the late Colonel Oliver Montagu. Both of the young ladies married soldiers, Miss Vivian becoming Mrs. Douglas Haig, and Miss Dyke Mrs. Bell. Both brides were dressed in white satin embroidered in beautiful design, but not quite alike; Miss Vivian's gown had a rich embroidery in a design of Madonna lilies done in chenille, crystal beads, and diamanté, while Miss Dyke's embroideries were a wide band of raised silver Indian work. The King and Queen presented each bride with a beautiful diamond and pearl tiara.

Lady Ancaster must be congratulated on the complete success of her idea in bringing the fortunate and happy children of the upper classes into the work of helping the unfortunate little ones to whom life, even in their earliest years, is barren of love and protection, and who find in their parents their worst enemies. The Children's Fête at the Royal Botanic Gardens for the benefit of the Society for the Protection of Children is now an annual affair, under the Countess of Ancaster's organisation, and it is one of the daintiest events of the season. Children are always pretty, more or less, if they be well "groomed"; they have a natural grace, and they wear fancy dress with an absence of self-consciousness and awkwardness that few adults can attain; and, wisely enough, dances in fancy dress by the children and grandchildren of the distinguished ladies who patronise the fête were a leading feature of the entertainment. The children who were brought

to look on added all-unconsciously their quota to the afternoon's pleasure for the elders. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, by her nephew from Greece, the Duke of Sparta, and by the Duchess of Portland and other ladies, arrived soon after four, and stayed a considerable time. Her Majesty wore her favourite mauve, the gown of mousseline-de-soie, with mauve ostrich-feather boa, and a toque of heliotrope chiffon trimmed with deep purple velvet iris. Princess Victoria was in dark blue voile, inset with rows of white lace, a shaded-blue ostrich-feather boa, and a wide, flat hat of blue chiffon with shaded feathers in it. Princess Christian also was present, and wore silver-grey crêpe-de-Chine handsomely embroidered in the same colour, and a toque of violet straw trimmed with feathers. The Duchess of Portland looked lovely in white silk muslin, and a picture-hat of white chiffon with a big ostrich plume, and a touch of pink in the form of roses added to the trimming. Lady Ancaster was in grey taffetas with moss-green trimmings and pink embroideries.

Her Majesty has indeed been working hard lately, for her fatiguing, however pleasant, visit to the North was immediately followed by the opening of the Homes for Officers' Widows and Daughters at Wimbledon, which owe their existence to her own generous initiative. These homes form a sort of village of flats, and are in this respect a unique experiment, but one that probably will prove most successful. The conveniences and inconveniences of flat life for a family may be nicely balanced, but the saving in domestic labour and responsibility, and the greater safety of the arrangement for solitary lady-residents, gives the flat system an immense advantage in such a case. The widowed ladies who have the good fortune to obtain accommodation in "Queen Alexandra Court" are each to be allowed the privilege of having a daughter to reside with them. A home can be formed by a congenial mother and daughter more harmoniously and happily, I think, than by any other pair of human beings. The love of the mother for her child, growing with the growth and strengthening with the strength of the dear one, is met with a devotion and grateful and admiring love from the younger woman that each in its own way is more complete and less alloyed with meaner or less comfortable sentiments than, I think, is found in any other human relation. "The sister womanhoods meet," and in time the child slowly and almost imperceptibly moves from the place of the protected, thought-for, and tenderly managed one to accept the reverse position. How a happy mother leans and relies on her good daughter, and how fervently the daughter desires the well-being of the mother; how they mutually admire each other, and rejoice in anything that brings a little happiness to the other; and how sad is the wrench when the black hand of death is laid on one, whether it be the cherished older woman, or still worse, "reversed our nature's kindlier doom," it has to be "the weeping mother bears her to the tomb," who has "never given her a serious pang except by dying"!

In Mr. Barrie's play at the Duke of York's there is an exquisitely beautiful speech put into the mouth of his "Alice," and delivered equally exquisitely by Miss Ellen Terry, as to the peculiarly tender feelings of a mother for her girl as she grows up from childhood, and at last crosses the river that divides youth from mature womanhood to stand by the mother's side, that would make one wonder how a man had ever understood so well a mother's heart were it not for the revelation that he has himself given of his own home life in his memoir of his mother. There he tells us that "it was a great day for my mother when she gave birth to my sister," who was to prove the companion and friend of all her life. "I will never leave you, mother," the daughter would say, and "Fine I know you'll never leave me!" the happy mother would reply. So it was, in truth, for at an advanced age the mother died, and this devoted daughter passed away so nearly at the same moment as to prevent either of them knowing that the other had gone. Thus was achieved the ideal that was once expressed in simple language from the heart of a dear little tender maiden of but six years old who so loved her mother that, when it had been borne in upon her that mothers sometimes die and leave their daughters alone, she thought deeply, till she had cogitated this ideal: "Mamma, would it not be nice if there was a mother, and she lived to be very, very old, and her daughter lived to be old too, but of course not so old, and then they both died at one time?" Queen Alexandra is herself so loving a mother and was so devoted a daughter that one sees her personal influence in the regulation allowing the ladies who enter the new Homes named after her Majesty to be accompanied by a daughter. Mrs. Oliphant wrote: "While my mother lived, I wanted no other companion," and many a happy mother knows that her daughter would say the same.

Paris has recently shown an ever-growing appreciation of the soft and enveloping effect; supple stuffs, and figures contained therein, that give no painful impression of stiff constraint. The harsh corsets of our great-grandmothers, stiff with wooden busks, and steels of great width at the sides (even iron cages were worn at a still earlier period) would now be condemned instantly by good taste, without regard to hygienic considerations. Yet there is an old-world effect about the full and loosely falling evening dresses and tea-gowns that are being made to go to the country for smart visiting. Ornamentation is much considered. Effects are combined that once would have been held impossible, such as white and ecru laces used close together. The simple style of the cut and make of a gown is contradicted by decorations of "grande recherche." This easily gives originality and distinctiveness to a dress which in itself is one of the ordinary soft fabrics for the evening, or more substantial but still more graceful materials used for afternoon

wear. Entre-deux are difficult to insert, as they have to be run on and then the underneath material cut away and the edges carefully sewn down; but medallions applied on a dress at intervals are not nearly so troublesome, and are therefore a good purchase. A pretty decoration for an evening frock consists of a wreath of chiffon flowers, appliqué on the soft material at intervals, and these are to be bought in the sales. Lace is, however, the great stand-by; it will trim equally satisfactorily an evening or a day gown, and is never out of keeping, according to present opinion, with any fabric or occasion. Hence it forms one of the best trimmings to purchase to put away for future use. Trimmings that will only suit certain materials or styles are rather a snare to "pick up" at the sales, for though they may be tremendous bargains in the abstract, it often proves to be a very long time before they can be got into practical use.

The delightful hot weather that we have been enjoying has a slight drawback in the thirst that it induces. Specialists in "figure-reducing" tell us that no habit is more fatal to the shape than that of imbibing too freely even the harmless necessary water. To avoid drinking too much, it is important to have at hand some addition to water or minerals that will help to quench the thirst. Carter's "Bristol Fruit Syrups" are excellent, and the lemon syrup is particularly desirable just now. It is sold in so concentrated a form that a few spoonfuls from the bottle added to water or soda-water suffice to make a most refreshing drink; and then it is ever-ready, requiring no preparation. All chemists and stores keep "Carter's Lemon Syrup."

Another comfort for the hot weather is that delightful and long patronised toilet-water known with a sweet suggestiveness as "Florida Water." It has a most refreshing perfume, and is so cooling and pleasant, whether to drop in the water for washing the face and hands, or to diffuse around the room by a spray, or to use lavishly on the handkerchief; there is nothing but a delicate and refreshing result in any form of employment.

There is quite a danger in hot weather of washing one's face too much. A good substitute is found in the use from time to time, when one feels to need refreshing



AN EVENING FROCK FOR A COUNTRY VISIT.

White chiffon is the material employed for this summery evening frock. The corsage is trimmed with embroidery and tiny killings in an original fashion, and bows of velvet adorn it down the vest. The skirt is tucked.

and cleansing, of "Icilm Water." This is a natural mineral water from a very deep spring in Algeria, which contains substances that render it singularly soft and cleansing, and healing and soothing at the same time to any roughness to the skin, or to cure stings of insects, and so on. A little "outfit" consisting of a spray of vulcanite to spray the face with the water, a flask of the water, and a supply of a cream manufactured from the water's constituents, is sent for a very modest price from the Icilm Company, 142, Gray's Inn Road, W.C., who will forward a pamphlet on application; but chemists generally keep the water. FILOMENA.



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ART NOTES.

The large question of Japanese art and its recent developments is raised by an exhibition of the landscapes of Mr. Yokoyama-Taikan and Mr. Hishida Shuinso at Messrs. Graves' Gallery in Pall Mall. Both these exhibitors are members of the Bijitsuin, or "New Old School of Japanese Art," a society which meets with no official recognition in progressive Japan because its aim is to resist the overpowering European tendency of all things in the Island of Flowers. Nor does it find favour with the party which in Japan wishes everything to be essentially Japanese. The two artists at the Graves Gallery have accepted the Western laws of perspective, for instance.

That an intelligent stand is being set up by the Bijitsuin against the sentiment which allows Japan to adopt European morals along with European armaments, and European art along with European dress, must be satisfactory to all who have made any study of the fascinating arts of Japan. In a small pamphlet written by Mr. Okakura-Kakuzo for the instruction of the visitor to this exhibition we are told that at the first Government art-school, which

started in 1884, only Italian teachers were engaged; and to-day the principal official instructors are those who have learnt their painting in the Paris studios and teach the "European style." If, then, it is impossible for Japan to exist as she has hitherto existed, delighting in her flowers and

spheric impressions with some power. "The Rising Sun" is also a picture of beauty, and here the perfect perspective in the drawing of cloud and wave marks a new era in an art which we have learnt to accept and love, despite its lack of law.

her flower-like art, her art-workers doing all things with that complete intimacy and isolation that has always characterised them, we must be glad that there are such painters as Mr. Yokoyama-Taikan and Mr. Hishida Shuinso to take the middle way.

Neither of these exhibitors has that predominating grasp of design or that delightful sense of colour in which their countrymen the artists of eighty years ago were so rich. But they possess that curiously considered and careful emotional quality so often found in the older landscapes. Perhaps sentiment has more place here than hitherto; but the traditional quality is excellently preserved in Mr. Hishida-Shuinso's "Spring Moon." This is a quite beautiful study of the gradations of light and shadow, and shows the artist to be able to realise atmospheric impressions with some power. "The Rising Sun" is also a picture of beauty, and here the perfect perspective in the drawing of cloud and wave marks a new era in an art which we have learnt to accept and love, despite its lack of law.

W. M.



A GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXCURSION: 2500 OF MESSRS. LEVER'S EMPLOYEES IN BELGIUM.

On the occasion of inaugurating their new factory at Forêt Midi, near Brussels, Messrs. Lever Brothers sent 2500 of their employes from Port Sunlight to visit the Liège Exhibition, and to celebrate the starting of the new works. This great army was conveyed and fed by Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons, who chartered four special trains from Birkenhead to Folkestone, four steamers for the Channel passage, and every corridor car in Belgium. The excursion lasted from a Friday to a Sunday night.

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FOLKESTONE TO BOULOGNE BY TURBINE.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company have inaugurated an accelerated service between Folkestone and Boulogne, and the inaugural trip was made on July 17, when the directors, the officials, and friends of the company took a voyage in the beautiful new turbine-steamer *Onward*. The vessel, which has a sister, the *Invicta* (that will begin running in a short time), is 310 feet long, with a beam of 40 feet, and a depth of 24 feet. Both vessels are magnificently appointed in every detail, and it is not only by sea that the passengers will be luxuriously accommodated; for in connection with the steamer the company are running new trains, each consisting of nine large bogie carriages, fitted to accommodate 311 passengers. These are, perhaps, the finest boat-trains on any line, and the steamers themselves have more the appearance of ocean-going liners than of Channel packets. They are fitted with Parsons' turbines. The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway are now running three turbine-steamers, and in good weather the Dover to Calais passage is made within the hour; and it is intended that the Folkestone to Boulogne passage shall occupy an hour and fifteen minutes. The *Onward* contains delightful private state-rooms and not only the comfort but the safety of travellers has been consulted. Both the *Onward* and the *Invicta* have been fitted with the Stone-Lloyd system of closing bulkhead doors, by means of which in the unfortunate event of a collision all the compartments of the ship can be shut at one action by a lever under the hand of an officer on the bridge. This would confine the inrush of water to the part of the vessel immediately affected by the collision, and would reduce the chances of sinking to a minimum. The first of the company's turbine-vessels was the *Queen*, and the new steamers have been fitted with many improvements suggested by the working of their predecessor.

MUSIC.

Though the opera season is drawing to a close, the past week has been full of interest. In the first place it is pleasant to record the complete success of the matinée arranged for the benefit of Mlle. Bauermeister. Madame Melba, who had been suffering from a cold for some days past, was well enough to sing; Caruso lent his valuable

The success of "Madame Butterfly" is assured. Though produced in the last fortnight of the season it will have been given four times when the doors of Covent Garden are closed, and we shall doubtless hear it again in the autumn. Madame Melba's indisposition gave Mlle. Donalda a great chance last week; she sang Mimi in "La Bohème" in fashion that called for highest praise, and roused considerable enthusiasm. A few nights ago Mlle. Donalda sang the Juliette music, and Madame Selma Kurz took the part of Marguerite, thus reversing the rôles in which they had formerly appeared. Mlle. Donalda's Juliette was charmingly sung, and most intelligently presented. Madame Kurz did well, but needed more rehearsals. The former artist may reasonably be expected to achieve very great success in the near future: few singers have done as much in their first season.

Mr. Forsyth, who has received the Victorian Order from King Edward and a decoration from the King of Spain, was entertained last week by a considerable number of London's musical critics. M. Messager was the other guest of the evening, and the proceedings demonstrated the pleasant relations that exist between Press and Management at Covent Garden.

The season will close on Tuesday night next, when Madame Melba hopes to be well enough to sing with Caruso in "La Bohème." On Monday "Madame Butterfly" will be given. It is likely that Caruso and

Melba will be among the artists engaged for the autumn season of eight weeks that is to commence on or about Oct. 5, and it is understood that Puccini's work will figure very largely on the programme.

WALDORF THEATRE.

Mr. Henry Russell's season at the Waldorf has come to an end, and one hears with regret that it has not fulfilled financial expectations. It is only fair to say that the manager's share in this disappointing result is a very small



Photo. Harris

THE INAUGURATION OF THE TURBINE SERVICE BETWEEN FOLKESTONE AND BOULOGNE: THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY COMPANY'S NEW STEAMER "ONWARD," WHICH OPENED THE SERVICE ON JULY 17.

aid; there was a crowded and enthusiastic house. Acts from "Romeo" and "La Bohème" were given, Mlle. Bauermeister appearing as the Nurse in the first-named opera. The veteran singer, who has done so much good work in most modest and artistic fashion, made a pretty little speech of thanks, and rumour says that the net receipts will not fall far short of £1500. Madame Melba worked indefatigably to secure the success of the benefit, and Mlle. Bauermeister retires leaving many pleasant and enduring memories behind her.

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—EMERSON.

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From a Painting by P. F. Poole, R.A. CYMBELINE, Act 3, Scene 6.

On the character of Imogen, who is here pictured disguised as a boy offering payment for food found in the cave of Belarius. Shakespeare lavished all the fascination of his genius; she is the crown and flower of his conception of tender and artless womanhood. Imogen: 'Good Masters, harm me not. . . . Here's money for my meat.' Guiderius: 'Money, youth?' Arviragus: 'All gold and silver rather turn to dirt, as 'tis no better reckoned, but of those who worship dirty Gods!'

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opera. At present no authorised programme is before the public. With the widening development of musical taste in London, there seems no reason why a programme less ambitious in its aim and more

one. We do not think he was happy in his choice of a house. We think that in some of the earlier arrangements the management was ill-advised, but it cannot be denied that Mr. Russell gave London excellent and artistic performances of worthy operas, and that the experiment deserved a measure of support very far in excess of what it received. Happily Mr. Russell does not seem to be discouraged, and there is talk of an autumn season of English

restricted in its scope than that of Covent Garden should not find an audience. But the Waldorf is ill-suited to the needs of opera, and the domination of the house by the orchestra was a serious bar to enjoyment. The

honours of the season may be said to have fallen to Signor Pini-Corsi and Madame de Cisneros, while Signor Ancona must be credited with some fine work.

In order to obviate the difficulties experienced by unknown dramatists in bringing their work before the notice of producers, the Play Reading Society invites authors to submit plays for the approval of their committee.

Works deemed sufficiently worthy will be produced at copyright performances given by members of the theatrical profession, and to these performances members of the society, managers, producers, and others interested in the drama will be invited. Reading and performance fees are charged. The secretary is Mr. Montague Elphinstone, 4, Wellington Square, S.W.



A PRESENTATION BELL FOR H.M.S. "LANCASTER."

The bell, which was presented to the ship by the County Palatine, bears the County arms and nautical emblems interlaced with Lancaster roses. It is suspended by a dolphin loop to a silver bracket, of which the main portion of the design is a sea-nymph. Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of London and Sheffield, were the designers and manufacturers, and the same firm supplied the jewel presented by Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim to Princess Arisugawa. This jewel was illustrated in our issue of July 15.



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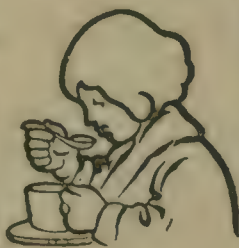
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Rev. W. W. Hough, who has been appointed by Lord Dartmouth as Vicar of St. Mary's, Lewisham, in succession to Dr. Samuel Bickersteth, has done important work as organising secretary of the Southwark Diocesan Society. He is an able preacher, and may be trusted to maintain in full efficiency the many organisations of this large parish.

The Rev. John H. Ellison, Vicar of Windsor, is taking an active interest in the fortunes of the South African Railway Mission. The mission has its centre in the Dioceses of Grahamstown, Pretoria, and Mashonaland, and its work covers nearly 5000 miles of territory. It will follow the great trunk line as it pushes through the continent to Cairo. The work is like that of the Bush Brotherhoods in Australia. A living wage is paid to each missionary, and the men go out from three or four centres to visit the isolated people, returning to the centres for rest and a more regular life.

Bishop Chavasse is to spend his August holiday in the Isle of Man; but will return to Liverpool for the

first Sunday of the month to preach, at the request of the Lord Mayor, at the service which will be held in the grounds of the Agricultural Show. While holiday-making in the Isle of Man, Dr. Chavasse has more than once preached at the open-air summer services.

Dublin University has sent out a distinguished lady missionary in Miss Eva Jellett, daughter of a former Provost, who, after taking medical and surgical degrees with high honours, has joined the University Mission to Hazaribagh as a lady-associate.

Dr. Harmer, whose enthronement as Bishop of Rochester took place on Thursday, intends to reside permanently in his cathedral city. He has taken Satis House, Rochester, as his home for some time to come.

The Wesleyan Conference opened this week at Bristol, and the President, the Rev. C. H. Kelly, was to deliver his address on Thursday morning. At the time of writing, it is expected that the Rev. Albert Clayton will be elected President for next year.—V.

Our photograph of Messrs. Lever's great excursion to Belgium is by Mr. Jenkins, Port Sunlight.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 16, 1890) of SIR BENJAMIN HINGLEY, BART., of Hatherdon Lodge, Cradley, Halesowen, Worcester, formerly M.P. for North Worcester, who died on May 13, was proved on July 3 by Sir George Benjamin Hingley and Henry Montagu Hingley, the nephews, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £158,696. The testator gives the freehold ironworks at Harts Hill, with the machinery and stock of coal and iron, to his brother Samuel; his freehold property in the parish of Rowley Regis to his nieces Alice, Emily, and Lucy; his freehold and leasehold lands and mines at Coombs Wood and Gorsty Hill, and his interest in the firm of N. Hingley and Sons, to his nephews George Benjamin and Henry Montagu; and his shares in the Cradley Heath Gas Company and Lloyd's Staffordshire Proving House Company to his brother Joseph and numerous nephews and nieces. The residue of his estate he leaves to his nephew George Benjamin.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1904) of KATHARINE, COUNTESS OF STAMFORD AND WARRINGTON, of Bradgate Park, Leicester, Enville Hall, Staffordshire, and 13, Hill Street, W., who died on Jan. 29, has been

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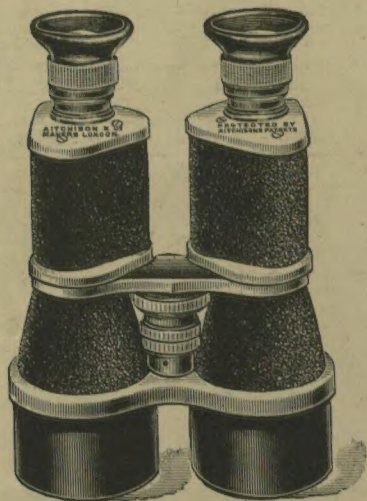
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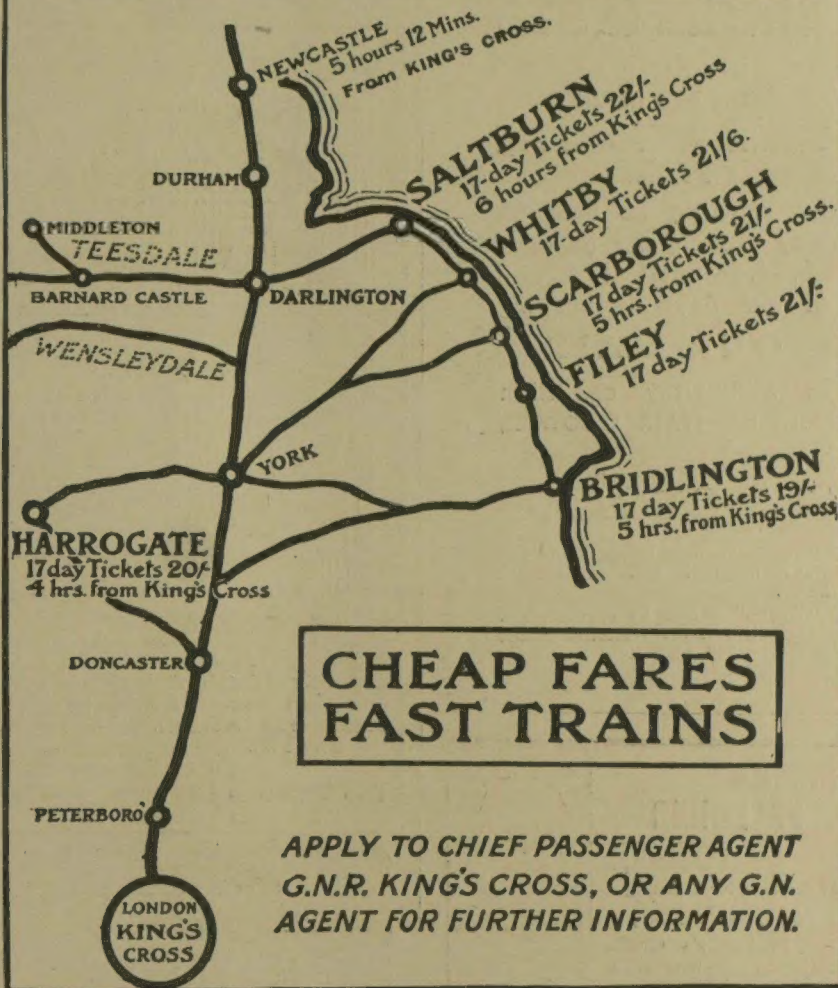
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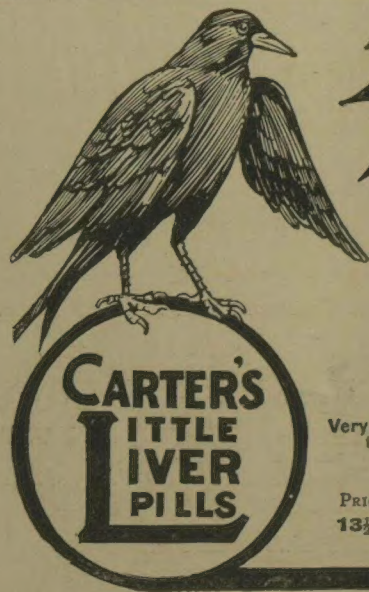
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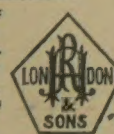


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proved by Harry Alfred Payne, the nephew, and Sir Thomas Wright, the value of the estate amounting to £141,353. The testatrix gives her real estate, £5000, the furniture, etc. at Stamford Lodge, Newmarket, and her plate to her nephew, Harry Alfred Payne; the remainder of the furniture, etc. at her various residences to her niece, Dame Catherine Sarah Lambert; £1000 to her niece, Mrs. Katharine Ellen Duncombe; £3000 to Edward Richard Henry, Chief Commissioner of Police; £1000 each to Evelyn and Arthur Payne; £1000 each to John Foley, Dorothy, Phyllis, Joan, Geraldine, and Mary Alice Lambert; £2000 to the Hon. Muriel de Yarbrough-Bateson, and other legacies. She also bequeaths £500 to the Mayor of Ashton-under-Lyne for the poor; £300 to Canon Gore for the poor of Dunham Massey, Bowdon, Altrincham, and Carrington; £100 each to the Association for the Blind, Leicester, and the Cobbett Hospital, Stourbridge; £500 to the Leicester Infirmary in aid of the Children's Hospital; and £200 each to the Orphan Asylum, Wolverhampton, and the Queen's and General Hospitals, Birmingham. The residue of her property she leaves between her

nephew and niece, Harry Alfred Payne and Dame Catherine Lambert.

The will (dated May 9, 1904) of MR. ENOCH HORTON, of The Grange, Bescot, Walsall, who died on May 15, has been proved, and the value of the estate sworn at £160,808. The testator gives £100 each to his sisters-in-law Edna Haynes and Emma James, and to each of his brothers-in-law William, David, and Nathan; £100 to John Alexander Keartland; and fifty £10 shares in Horton and Son, Ltd., to James Davis. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his children Leonard Wilson, Albert Enoch, William Alexander, Harry Edward, Arthur Villiers, Kate, and Nellie Nancy.

The will (dated Nov. 28, 1903) of MRS. FLORENCE MARY HAMES, of Savoy Court, Strand, who died on May 26, was proved on July 10 by George Henry Hames, F.R.C.S., the husband, and John Greetham Metcalfe, the value of the estate being £63,596. The testatrix gives £5000, in trust, for each of her nieces, Annette Barbara Hood and Florence Louise Hood; the income for life from £5000 to her sister-in-law Emily Hood; £3000 each to Mrs. Alice England, and Mrs.

Charlotte Bowling; and £500 to John Greetham Metcalfe. The residue of her property she leaves, in trust, for her husband for life, and then to King Edward's Hospital Fund for London.

The will (dated July 4, 1900) of MR. FREDERICK BRENT GROTRIAN, of Ingmanthorpe Hall, near Wetherby, York, a former M.P. for Hull, and proprietor of the *Hull Daily Mail*, who died on April 8, was proved on July 3 by Frederick Grotrian and Herbert Brent Grotrian, the sons, and Thomas Ward Hearfield, the value of the property being sworn at £168,771. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife; £300 per annum to his mother; £100 per annum to his sister Emily Louise; £50 per annum to his sister Ada Alice; the income from £1000 to his aunt, Maria Spurling; and legacies to servants. The income from the residue of his property is to be paid to Mrs. Grotrian until their youngest child attains twenty-five years, when £1000 per annum is to be paid to her while she remains his widow, or £200 per annum should she again marry, and the ultimate residue to his children and the issue of any deceased child.

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